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OCTOBER 29, 1982

MICHAEL NOVAK & THONY BOTHWELL ON:
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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LIBERALS ON THE LOOSE: The Prospects for New England

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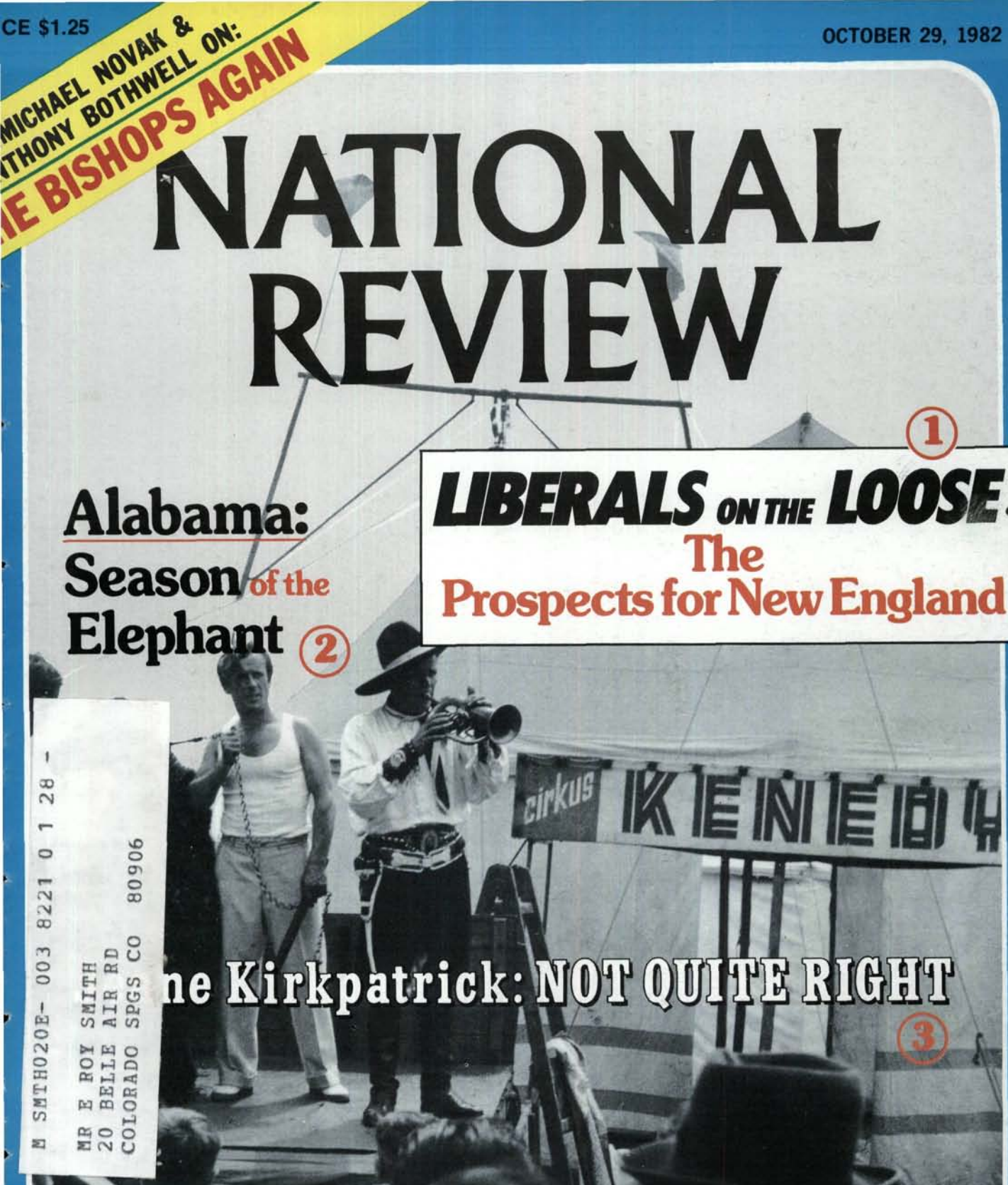

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MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

Articles by: 1 **Richard Brookhiser.** 2 **Victor Gold.**
3 **Charles Kesler.**

Also: Charles Burton Marshall on Dewey ◆ George McCartney on Evelyn Waugh ◆ Laurence Beilenson ◆ D. Keith Mano John McLaughlin ◆ Brian Crozier ◆ E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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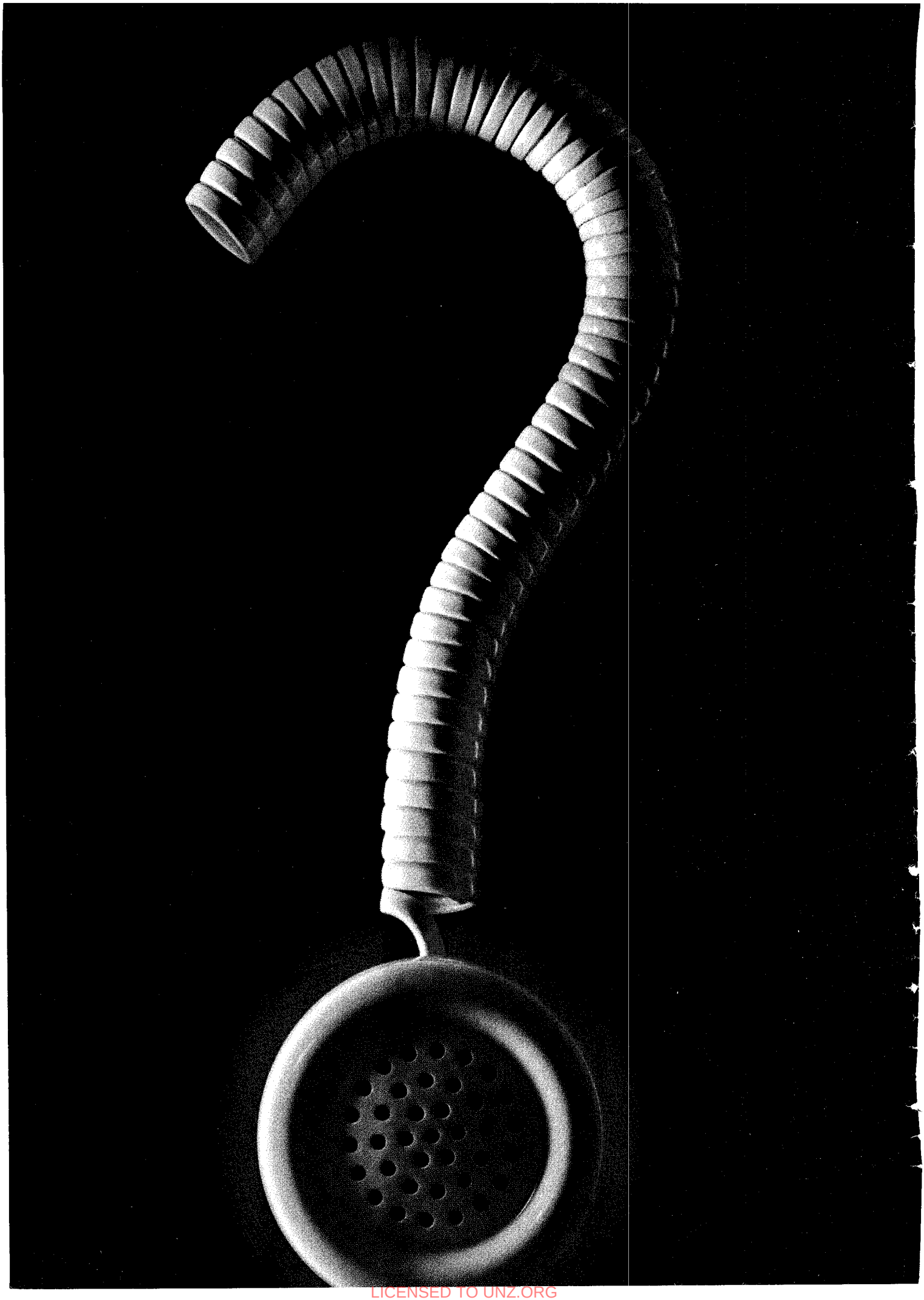

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Nothing has done so much to change the world we live in as the telephone.

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It was all because we had a single overriding goal: universal service. Dependable service at reasonable rates for everyone who wanted it.

And in order to achieve this goal, telephone exchanges were established as exclusive franchises and were permitted to operate without competition. But the government strictly regulated our rates and profits.

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The biggest force behind this change has been new technology which has changed the very nature of telecommunications.

We are on the threshold of a new era. The Information Age. The technology of communications has gradually merged with that of computers. And the marriage of these two technologies offers the potential for an impressive array of new customer services.

However, the blending of these two technologies has also blurred the boundaries between a traditionally regulated business–communications–and the unregulated data-processing industry.

This circumstance has led to some major rethinking of public policies on telecommunications.

Policies to which the Bell System must conform.

And in order to conform, the Bell System must change.

To begin with, the Bell telephone companies will have to be separated from their parent company, AT&T. Among other things, these local operating companies will continue to provide basic local service under state regulation, and they'll serve as the gateway to the new Information Age.

Because it is being thrust into a marketplace that is intensely competitive, AT&T–the parent company–is also going to change. The task of bringing these changes about is an enormous one. But we are determined to make the transition a smooth one.

AT&T will continue to create and provide new products and services to meet your changing needs. And Western Electric, Bell Labs and Long Lines will continue to remain vital parts of AT&T.

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Let's talk.

Bell System

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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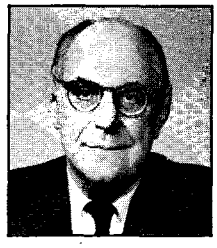

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Liberals are looking strong in the Northeast: Tip and Teddy should win in a walk. Millicent Fenwick is the nearest thing to Reagan in New Jersey. In Connecticut, it's either Toby Moffett (ugh!) or Lowell Weicker (*ugh!*). Only a handful of beautiful losers, conservatives all, keep the otherwise black scene a dark grey. *Richard Brookhiser*

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George Wallace will be seeing something new in this year's gubernatorial campaign: an opponent. *Victor Gold*

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The American Catholic hierarchy is preparing to order Catholics to disobey civil authority and, if it comes to that, their consciences. *Anthony P. X. Bothwell*

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Four of our elder statesmen, led by George Kennan, have called on NATO to promise we won't shoot first. The Soviets won't believe us—nor should they. But they will promise the same, and though we shouldn't believe them either, the danger is that we will. *Laurence W. Beilenson*

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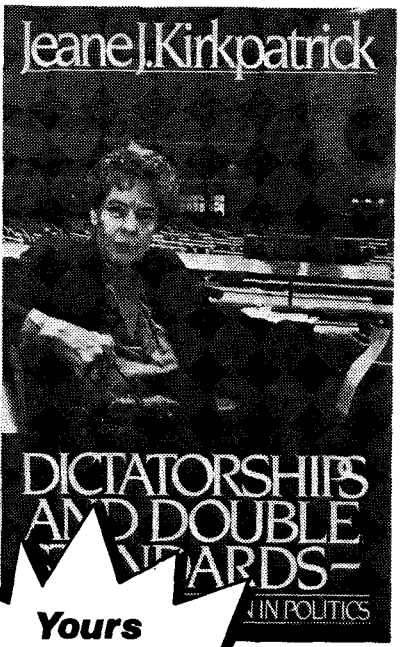
When a former aide to Hubert Humphrey writes a book about liberal hypocrisy, that's news. When her book digs deep, down to the very roots of the liberal worldview, that's IMPORTANT

"How can it be," asks Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, "that persons so deeply committed to the liberation of South Vietnam and Cambodia . . . were so little affected by the enslavement that followed their liberation? Why are Western liberals — who often are such smart people — such slow learners about Communism?" Our outspoken UN Ambassador answers this riddle in one of the most searching critiques of liberalism since Burnham's *Suicide of the West.*



Have you been reading about how the liberals still buried in the State Department keep sniping at Ambassador Kirkpatrick? They spread vicious rumors, lose no opportunity to wield the stiletto. They want the lady out of the way.

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If the feisty UN Ambassador had simply run through the dismal leftist track record, that would make this a valuable book. But she takes us inside the liberal mind. Her warning: It's a wrecking ball, and it's swinging wildly, out of control.

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- "Our times seem especially hospitable to bad ideas, probably because, in throwing off the shackles of tradition, we have left ourselves especially vulnerable to untried nostrums and untested theories."
- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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Oilfield Outlook

An American friend of mine has given me his Oct. 15 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. From such an article as the one written by George Lake ("From Bad to Worse"), I gain more and more faith in the people of the United States. Mr. Lake uncovers the true source of my country's grief. Nothing has been more devastating in our history than the reign of López Portillo. Many of us who have worked in the oilfields of Mexico are proud of our work and outraged by our government's expropriations. We have dreamed of a free market but have come to realize that America is the only place for that. Each night we pray for Miguel de la Madrid, but we cannot stay in Mexico and wait for "sweeping changes." Many people are fleeing to the United States. Here, at least, we can be educated; if we stay in Mexico, we are without hope.

Pedro San Allende
Odessa, Tex.

Interpretation Interrupted

NR and Robert Bork have been sandbagged by the nonsensical sociobabble of H. Elizabeth Meehan writing from the People's Republic of Massachusetts. Long ago sociologists and other soft-science types got hold of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle (when you look at something you change it) and have been running with it ever since. It's a useful principle in subatomic physics, but like a good wine it travels well—too well. One encounters it almost everywhere nowadays, which is all right if it's understood as metaphor. But Meehan isn't talking metaphors.

Her argument flirts dangerously close to the old and tiresome notion that one ultimately cannot know anything. All rubbish, of course. Yes, you can so "reveal" the "real" (as opposed to alleged) intent of the Founding Fathers. They anticipated Meehan and usually said things three different times for emphasis, clarifying and narrowing each time. Gun owners are familiar with the technique. The August 1982 issue of the NRA magazine, *The American Rifleman*, contains a precis (by chairman David Hardy) of the report by Senator Hatch's Subcommittee on the Constitution that examined the basis and intent of the Second Amendment. We learn that both Madison and Hamilton premonitorily defined the word "militia" as meaning "the whole body of the people." Patrick Henry wrote: "The great object is that every man be armed." In case you missed the point, Jefferson added: "No free man shall ever be debarred the use of arms." For those still not sure, Sam Adams put the lid on it: "The said Constitution . . . shall never be construed . . . to prevent the people of the United States, who are peaceable citizens, from keeping their own arms."

The English language hasn't changed that much in two hundred years. Intent is both clear and discoverable. One almost confronts the Founding Fathers—unlike Meehan, as through a glass darkly—directly, as if they were shaking us by the lapels and shouting, "Get it now, dummies? How much plainer do we have to make it?"

John T. Cody
Pittsburg, N.Y.

Bork Balked

While Judge Bork's arguments for "noninterpretivism" ["The Struggle Over the Role of the Court," Sept. 17] make good theoretical sense, it seems to me his piece is written in a vacuum.

"Interpretivism" over the last thirty years was a direct result of congressional as well as state legislative failure to remedy ills in our society. One could list a string of cases, but it is sufficient to deal with the reapportionment decisions. For some five decades Congress failed to exercise its constitutional prerogative to order redistricting to reflect the latest census. When the Court finally stepped in, Congress and the critics yelled "foul" and invoked the political questions doctrine, in itself an example of "interpretivism" invented by Roger Taney in Luther *v.* Borden. The House then passed the Tuck bill attempting to strip the Court of appellate jurisdiction in reapportionment cases. Certainly, the Court was guilty of "interpretivism," but what were the alternatives? A constitutional amendment? Thirteen malapportioned state legislatures could have stymied that process.

What we got, therefore, was the paradox of the counter-majoritarian branch, telling the majoritarian branch that it ought to behave in a majoritarian manner. Paradoxical, to be sure, but perhaps more a reflection of the sad truth that Congress ducks the hot ones.

This does not justify the ever-increasing development of "government by judiciary," but it raises serious questions about the failure of Congress as well as state legislatures to act responsibly.

Werner Feig
White Plains, N.Y.

"Becketing" the Court

Re: the comment " . . . what we really

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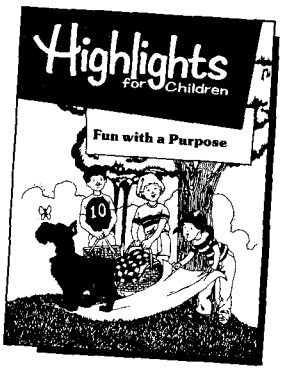

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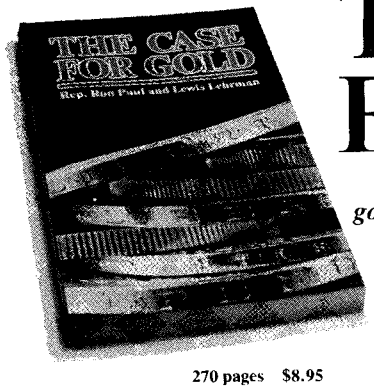

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need is five dead men on the Supreme Court," on page 1192 of your October 1 issue: Sounds remarkably similar to the rhetorical question often attributed to an English monarch concerning a troublesome archbishop.

J. F. Kessel
Sterling Heights, Mich.

Sacrifice and Safety

In his interesting comments about the book *Risk and Culture* [Sept. 3], Chilton Williamson seems to miss the crucial moral and possibly legal distinction between voluntary and involuntary risks. In terms of human rights and personal responsibility, these three risks are different: elevated cancer-risk caused by a voluntary activity (sun-bathing), elevated cancer-risk forced upon someone by a polluter (who commits trespass against an individual's body and other private property), and elevated cancer-risk suffered by an asbestos-worker deceived by his employer into voluntarily entering the work-contract when the employer did not truthfully describe the risk (known to the employer) of that work.

We, who personally approve of both technology and affluence, nevertheless challenge the whole "benefit-*v.*-risk" doctrine of "legal levels" of pollution, a collectivist doctrine that sacrifices individual property rights in our bodies. A policy that condones killing (increased individual "risk" of cancer results in higher actual frequency of cancer-death) for the sake of affluence (the social "benefit" expected) will be simply nauseating to most readers who pause to think about it. We are confident, moreover, that healthy, affluent, industrial economies can flourish without accepting the collectivist doctrine that involuntary risks can be legitimately imposed upon individuals for "social" goals. Despite the many, the few do not condone killing.

It is essential to see that A is not B, and Williamson's familiar and true statement that "All human activity carries risk of some sort" is not identical with "All human activity can legitimately and rightfully impose risks upon others."

Williamson ends his essay asserting "the profound moral truth that affluence is indeed in its general tendency corrupting," to which we would like to add that anything that people crave can be corrupting. A coward's craving for personal comfort can make him betray his friends under interrogation, and people's natural craving for safety helps explain today's Surrender Movement, which will betray humanity worldwide by giving up the power to preserve human rights and freedom on this planet anywhere. But the safety in disarmament is illusory.

John W. Gofman MD
Egan O'Connor
Committee for Nuclear Responsibility
San Francisco, Calif.

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a) Total no. copies printed:	111,924	108,700
b) 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales:	3,510	3,630
2. Mail subscriptions:	101,488	97,368
c) Total paid circulation:	104,998	100,988
d) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	1,905	2,316
e) Total distribution (sum of c and d):	106,903	103,314
f) 1. Office use, left over unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	2,385	2,416
2. Returns from news agents:	2,636	2,970
g) Total (sum of e and f—should equal net press run shown in a):	111,924	108,700

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) Edward A. Capano, Assistant Publisher.

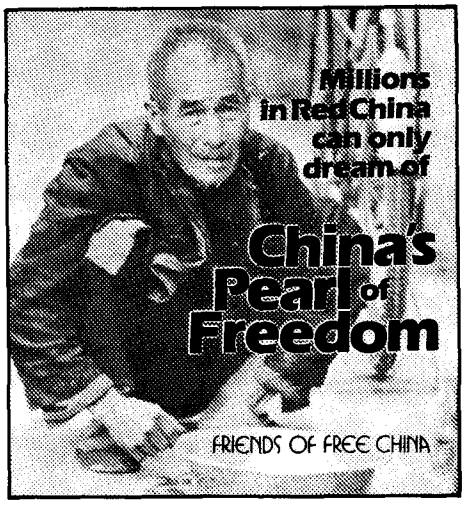
Another Word

As a 17-year subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW I have never written a letter to the editor. I cannot let Mr. Rehyansky's review "Vietnam: The Last Word" [Sept. 3] pass without comment. As a philosophical, economic conservative, I agree with much that is written in your esteemed journal, but I am concerned that genuine criticism of our military is rarely published in NATIONAL REVIEW. We do need a strong military to counter the Soviet threat, but at the same time we need a modern, enlightened military; one that is less self-seeking.

John T. Fielding
New Bedford, Mass.

Soviet SAMS

In your July 23 issue, page 874, "Good News from Lebanon," you describe the destruction of Syria's SAM-16 missiles by the Israeli air force. That story needs an up-date: After the Israelis knocked out the SAM-6s, the Syrians asked the Russians for replacements. The Soviet Union sent several of its newest anti-aircraft missiles, the SAM-8 (code-named Gecko by NATO) to the Bekaa valley. This weapon system is much more sophisticated than the old SAM-6. It has a monopulse-



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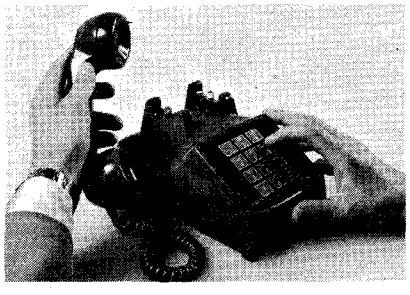

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type radar, which is almost impossible to jam. In addition, it can track targets in bad light without even having to turn on the radar. According to press reports here in Europe, these SAM-8s are said to have downed several Israeli Phantom fighter-bombers. If there is a full-scale war between Syria and Israel, the Israeli air force will have an extremely difficult time against this new Soviet surface-to-air missile.

Edward McDevitt
Munich, Germany

Busting Zeitgeist

He who brings bad news is usually blamed for its substance. In "Socialism, Sí, Küng, No" [Aug. 20] I suggested a hypothesis that would explain the Church's political and theological moves and tolerances for the past two decades. If Miss Olsen ["Letters," Sept. 17] dislikes my hypothesis, why does she not suggest another—but please, only if she can do so without recourse to an intellectually comfortable conspiracy theory.

Instead of proposing a hypothesis—I repeat: one that accounts for the *continuity* of policy under three very different poses—Miss Olsen sees fit to instruct me in the meaning of the faith. If she were willing to suspend the catechism lesson for a minute, I could direct her to many far more unpleasant things such as the book by Vincenzo Miano, *Church and Marxism,* endorsed by Cardinal Garrone (in the *Osservatore Romano*) and "inspired" by a very highly placed group. Miano and the Cardinal who writes that the book conforms with the Church's thinking suggest that while the Church rejects Communistic *atheism,* the concrete evolution in the world recommends cooperation with the Communist Party *in practice.*

A long way, is it not, from 1948 and Pius XII. From Greece to Grenada, from France to Mozambique, some variety of Marxism is in power. Why wonder that the Church continues its official and unofficial dialogues with the Marxists? After all, half of the planet is on the other side. But if I continue listing the facts, Miss Olsen might accuse me of having planned them.

Thomas Molnar
New York, N.Y.

Basis for Bias?

John McLaughlin ["Reagan *v.* Begin," Oct.1] continues his political vendetta against Israel. He quotes wildly inflated Lebanese casualty figures, the source of which is the president of the Red Crescent, Fathi Arafat, the brother of Yasir. He also implies that Israel was not unduly concerned about PLO terrorism and the continuous rocket attacks on civilian settlements, but had expansionist ambitions when it invaded Lebanon. This bias ill becomes *NR*'s Washington columnist.

Morris Seldin
Floral Park, N.Y.

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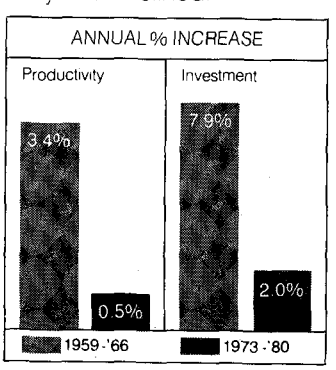
It died of unnatural causes.

Too many factories in too many American cities are dying. Unnecessarily and prematurely. They are the products of an unproductive economy. Our economy.

Not long ago, we all thought it just couldn't happen here.

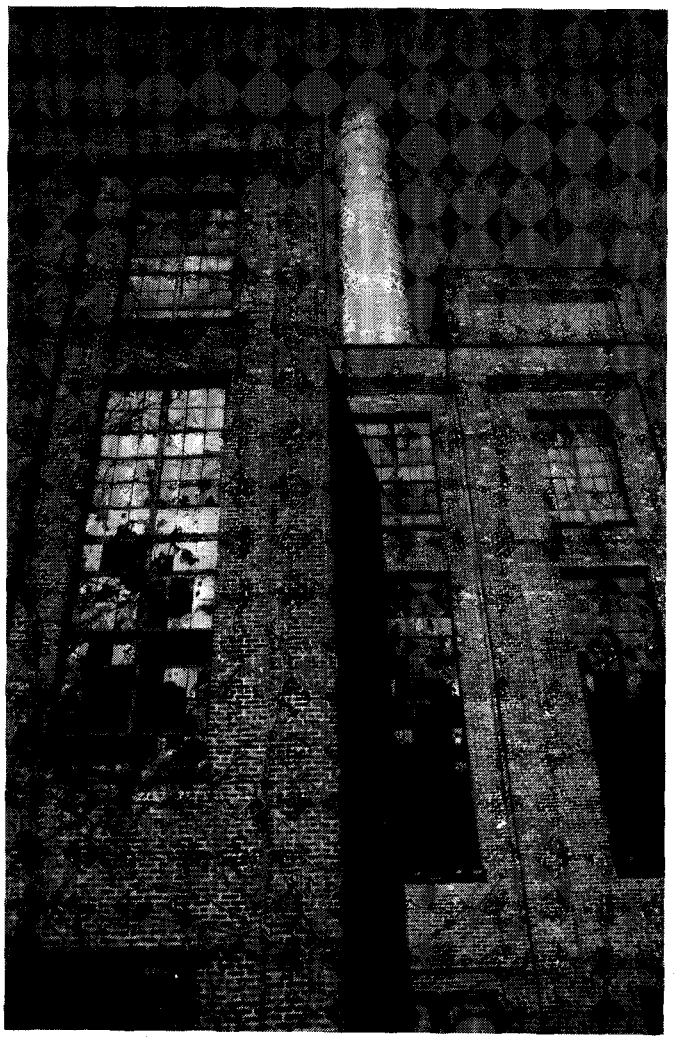
The fact is, however, that the United States has the highest percentage of obsolete plants, the lowest percentage of capital investment and the lowest growth of productivity of any major industrial country.

That didn't happen overnight, of course. This chart points out just how much, and how rapidly, our economy has declined:



Comparing the early 60's with the late 70's, America's average annual growth in productivity was lower by 85%. Allowing for inflation, real investment growth in plants, machinery and equipment dropped by 74%.

No one can expect labor to produce without tools. But since 1975, there's been a steady decline in the amount of capital per worker in this country.

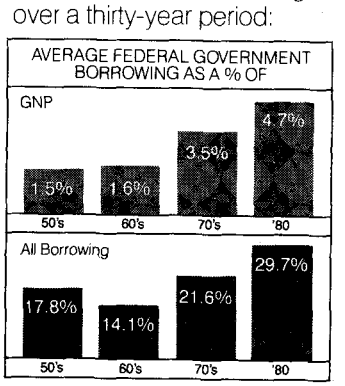


A close examination of our economic illness points to one major cause: An overdose of government.

Ever increasing levels of government spending and borrowing have squeezed productive industry out of credit markets.

Without credit, businesses cannot buy the plant and equipment they need to expand and increase their productivity.

This chart shows the growing impact of government borrowing as a percentage of GNP and of total borrowing over a thirty-year period:



As the government expanded its borrowing, private industry cut back. To reverse this trend, growth in government spending must be slowed in the years ahead.

Hidden in all these statistics are countless human losses: Lost jobs, lost incomes–lost dreams.

We're W.R. Grace & Co., a $6½ billion company producing chemicals, natural resources and consumer products. Even though our interests are worldwide, we consider the loss of any American industry a death in the family. And we believe we all have a responsibility to revive productivity at home. To do that, we must invest.

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And now, by cutting taxes, eliminating excess regulation and by providing the impetus to reduce the size of the federal government, President Reagan has supplied us all with new incentives. We must make the most of them immediately.

The drive and dreams that first built America's factories are needed now to unlock a productive future for our nation And each of us holds the key.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Election highlights in the stretch: By mid-October, there are four senatorial contests within five points of each other, i.e., too close to call. In California, Democrat **Brown** has slight lead over Republican **Wilson**; in Virginia, it's neck-and-neck, Republican **Trible** *v.* Democrat **Davis**; in Maine, Republican **Emery** moving up fast against incumbent **Mitchell**; in Connecticut, it's a toss-up between Republican (so-called) **Weicker** and Democrat **Moffett** with latest poll showing an edge for Moffett. Significant breakdown there: among voters who identified themselves as Republicans, 50 per cent said they'd vote for Weicker, 25 per cent for Moffett, whopping 15 per cent for Conservative **DiFazio**, so much for Weicker's campaign slogan—as always dissociating himself from the Party—"Nobody's Man but Yours." . . .In New Jersey, equally liberal Republican **Millicent Fenwick** seems safely ahead of **Frank Lautenberg**. . . . Coming up fast in Tennessee, Republican **Robin Beard**, closing the gap on Sen. **James Sasser** on the abortion issue, Beard's against. . . . In Ohio, pollster **Richard Wirthlin** has moved Democratic Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** from the "safe" win to "possible" loss category, against **Paul Pfeifer**, who stepped into the race late when **John Ashbrook** died.

■ Governors: It may be all over for **George Deukmejian** in California where late polls show Democrat **Tom Bradley** leading 53 to 39 per cent. . . . *Newsday* figures (mid-October) show Democrat **Mario Cuomo** three points ahead of **Lew Lehrman**. . . . In Illinois, Republican Gov. **James Thompson** had **Adlai III** vigorously denying that he is a wimp. His Wimpiness now 11 points behind. . . . Two possible upsets could be shaping up in Nebraska where **Bob Kerry** leads GOP Gov. **Charles Thone**

"Just wondering how many Hail Marys for moving my account from the Vatican Bank.

by only four points; and in New Mexico where GOPer **John Irick** now just one point behind Democrat **Tony Anaya**.

■ You've got to hand it to **Tip**. Reason he won't debate opponent **Frank McNamara**, says Tip, is that since he's running as **Kennedy** Democrat and McNamara is running as Reagan Republican, everyone knows where they stand already. . . . It was fun and games last winter when Rep. **Philip Burton** gerrymandered new district in California to help brother **John** (John's new district, boasted Phil at the time, "curls in and out like a snake"). Now John has retired and Phil wishes he had some of the old district back; he's seven points behind Republican **Milton Marks**. . . . Interesting development in New Jersey, where conservative freshman Rep. **Chris Smith** was given no chance at all against former state senate president **Joe Merlina**. (Smith was considered **flash**-in-pan, coming in against **Frank Thompson** during Abscam scandal.) Today the race is even.

■ **John Sears**, Reagan's original 1980 campaign manager, says the object of recent White House strategy—urging the people to stay the course, help Reagan finish the job he's started—is not so much to convince Democrats as to get out the Republican vote. Sears thinks the President is succeeding in that. . . . Some interesting figures from the Merit Poll: 48 per cent of Americans think the decline in interest rates is the beginning of the recovery, the same number think the Administration's economic policies brought about the decline. . . . While Reagan fares badly with two constituencies: women and blacks, the Merit Poll shows 48 per cent of the people see no change in status of American blacks under Reagan, 47 per cent see no change in status of women. . . . Guess who's making noises about 1984? **George McGovern**, that's who. He thinks his 1972 campaign was ten years ahead of the times; what he'll offer the people next is a nuclear freeze, greatly reduced defense budgets, and "greatly increased spending for the people." Bye-bye, George.

■ **Helmut Kohl**, West Germany's new chancellor, says he will go ahead with Soviet pipeline, but he'll also investigate charges that ten thousand slave laborers are being used to build it. . . . Morning-after for the Swedes. Their newly elected Socialist premier, **Olof Palme**, has a) devaluated the kroner 16 per cent and b) raised the value-added tax (a kind of super sales tax on everything) to 23.5 per cent. . . . PAP, the official Polish news agency reports that since martial law, fifty thousand Poles have been "punished" for black-market operations.

■ Newest in bumper stickers: NUCLEAR PLANTS ARE BUILT BETTER THAN JANE FONDA!

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THE WEEK

■ Senator Kennedy calls double-digit unemployment "a national tragedy and a national disgrace." Takes one to know one.

■ One prime contention of supply-side economists and enthusiasts was that once even a small tax cut took effect, a boom in private savings would take place sufficient to make up for any "crowding out" by federal deficits. The savings effect is important; without it, the net effect of a tax cut is either to send more dollars after a fixed supply of goods (inflation) or to run up the deficit, send the federal treasury into the credit market, and drive up interest rates. Well, the major installment of the Reagan tax program took place a few months ago, and the numbers are looking good. In the fourth quarter of 1980, Americans were saving 5.5 per cent of their disposable income. By this August, the month after Phase II of the tax cuts, the private-savings rate had risen 50 per cent to 8.1 per cent of disposable income. Good news for the economy; good news for the supply-side; bad news for you-know-who.

■ In the aftermath of the Tylenol poisonings, the Food and Drug Administration moved to require "tamper-resistant" packaging for all over-the-counter drugs. Other voices were heard calling for even more drastic action: keeping all headache remedies behind the druggist's counter, regulating cyanide and all other poisons, and so on. Officials admitted that none of these remedies would work very well. Jar seals of the instant-coffee type, for example, can be peeled off and glued back on in a few minutes. Moreover, a random poisoner can easily turn to catsup bottles, unpackaged food such as grapes and, worst of all, municipal water supplies. Most of the protective measures would cost millions in a futile effort to stymie the Chicago killer without catching him, as if we were all asked to don diving suits in order to avoid bites from black-widow spiders. As Suzanne Garment suggests in the *Wall Street Journal*, many Americans have come reflexively to fall back on the government to protect them from any hazard. "The poisoned Tylenol is bad enough. But we also have to watch out for the fearfulness and longing for a risk-free environment that all these crises tend to promote."

■ In a race largely overlooked by the national media, but possessing wide significance, Michael Marino, a young Republican candidate, holds a narrow lead in the traditionally Democratic first district of Philadelphia. If Marino can capture this urban seat in a blue-collar district, it will reinforce Jack Kemp's argument that the right kind of Republican candidates can run and win in the older, economically troubled cities of the Frostbelt. Marino is stressing the work ethic, family, and neighborhood. Three weeks ago, pollster Robert Teeter had him 41 to 40 over Democrat Tom Foglietta; political insiders are watching closely.

■ Another race to watch is in Mississippi's first congressional district, in the northern part of the state where Fran Fawcett pulled the surprise of the season when she won the Republican primary, the first woman in Mississippi history to win a congressional primary. Fran Fawcett is young (32), energetic, Catholic, sound on the social issues—against abortion, racial busing—and as evening-news anchor on Memphis television station WHBQ (which covers her district) has none of the problems of name or face recognition of the average challenger. Her opponent, James Whitten, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee is old (72), has been around a long time (he was first elected to the House 41 years ago), has a reputation as a big spender. Fran Fawcett just might pull it off.

■ An amazing health finding is reported by the National Institute for Health in its seven-year, $115-million program called "Mr. Fit." Over the period, more than 250 doctors and researchers gave 6,428 men counseling on health risks. The men quit smoking, reduced their serum cholesterol level, lost weight, exercised. High-blood pressure problems were treated with drugs. After all that, the death rate among the men for heart attacks and blood-system problems was the same as for an equal-sized control group, which stayed home and drank beer and watched football on TV. The only difference was a slightly *higher* death rate for those treated for high-blood pressure.

■ Truong Nhu Tang, who helped found the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam and served as a minister in the Vietcong provisional revolutionary government, recounts in the *New York Times Review of*

One Last Question

When Gary Arnold blew his top,
My instinct was to call a cop,
But Mr. Reagan handled it
With gratifying grit and wit,
Quite justifying all the fuss
By pulling off a PR plus.
The question is, was this a blip
Or was it just the iceberg's tip?

W. H. von Dreele

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Books the disillusionment that impelled him to join the boat people's exodus in 1979—four years after the moment of victory. A key sentence: "In their incessant and predatory pursuit of concentrated power, the Communists have divided Vietnam instead of healing it. Their strategy has been to dislocate as much of the social fabric as possible in order to preclude the formation of a coherent opposition." He concludes: "I have now to acknowledge my responsibility for the disastrous state of my country"—a *mea culpa* akin to that bespoken by the less lucky Sadegh Ghotbzadeh on the eve of execution by the Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamic absolutist regime that he had helped into power in Iran.

■ The term "contradiction" leads a lively existence in Marxist theory, but a contradiction the size of the Grand Canyon has opened in Poland, where a regime governing in the name of the workers has gone to war with its own workers. Poland's Communist dictatorship, after outlawing the Solidarity labor union, drafted into the militia the striking workers of the Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk. Violence is spreading. Economically and politically, the Polish regime is lurching toward disaster, a fate with the darkest of implications for the entire Communist world. Between now and the final contradiction, however, the danger is that Poland might opt for world war.

■ A popular slogan among West German left-wingers goes, "Why can't America do something for peace?" George F. Kennan, in Frankfort the other day to receive a peace medal at a book fair, did what he could to boost the implicit sentiment along. His acceptance speech assailed economic restrictions against the Soviet Union and official condemnations of the conduct of affairs within the Communist realm—the kind of talk, he said, that tends to "make war inevitable by making it seem inevitable." His remarks coincided with President Reagan's announcement of a move to revoke Poland's most-favored-nation status in response to the Polish regime's quashing of the Solidarity movement. Kennan's customary distaste for military concerns was in evidence: "We must put an end to this destructive militarization of the public discussion of relationships between East and West, an end to this constant talk about the horrible things the Russians could do to us and we to them in a supposedly imminent war. And we must also stop making the intentions and military preparations of a possible opponent always appear to the public in a threatening and alarming light."

■ Lane Kirkland's unequivocal reaction to the move to rescind most-favored-nation status for Poland was the very opposite of George Kennan's. The AFL-CIO president assailed President Reagan's action for inadequacy, deplored the granting of deferment of payments on Poland's external debts, and called for U.S. initiative to force Poland into international bankruptcy. Pulling the monetary props out from under Poland and other Soviet-aligned countries, Kirkland argued on CBS's *Face the Nation*, was "the only way to stop the constant financing of the Eastern bloc and financing the build-up of military power and enforcement of police-state measures, the imprisonment of thousands of people in gulags in Poland and in the Soviet Union."

■ Reports from within Zimbabwe are nothing to cheer about. The aura of geniality marking the initial phase of Robert Mugabe's accession has dissipated. Detentions without trial are increasing. Dr. Herbert Ushekokunze, Mugabe's chief enforcer, has opened an attack on the autonomy of the judicial branch. The constitution imposed by agreement with the British government at the granting of national independence is reportedly being rewritten in an effort to cull out restraints.

■ House Speaker Tip O'Neill is pushing a so-called balanced-budget plan, to blunt a balanced-budget amendment. The plan calls for a balanced budget unless, roughly speaking, there is any reason to unbalance it. We expect great things from it.

■ With the coming of the new fiscal year, it is time for our annual rat-hole report. Current spending levels for government at all levels exceeds $3,000 million a day, and $1,000,000,000,000 a year. That works out to about $450 per week for a family of four, which said family doesn't think it is paying, but it certainly is. And we wonder why we are in a recession.

■ Elsewhere in the bureaucracy, there are 350 different payroll systems and 325 different accounting systems, none of which are compatible.

■ The town of Vista, California does not allow any storefront signs. Try to use a restroom somewhere and you end up buying a surfboard. We are never going to understand California.

The Importance of Lehrman

In no political contest this year is it plainer that the Republicans have become the party of ideas and constructive innovation than in the battle for the New York governorship between Republican-Conservative Lewis Lehrman and Democratic-Liberal Mario Cuomo.

Any excitement surrounding Mr. Cumo has to do solely with his upset primary victory over New York's popular Mayor Ed Koch. In fact, Koch may have lost precisely because he is so popular in New York City: many voters seem to have voted to keep him there, a

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Opening Up World Trade

Under the strain of hard times, voices of fear once again are crying out for barriers against imports. America will be making a serious mistake, however, if we allow our present economic problems to obscure the clear lessons of the past.

Since World War II the U.S. and our trading partners have enjoyed growth and prosperity. Much of this progress has been achieved because of an international commitment to free trade.

In 1947 the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) made exporting easier and helped create a global economy. American exports of goods and services grew from $14 billion in 1950 to $367 billion in 1981, creating millions of jobs and raising our standard of living. Exports now generate one-sixth of our manufacturing jobs and one-fifth of our Gross National Product.

Recently, however, as foreign competition has hurt some U.S. industries, some people have suggested turning back the clock to the era of restricted trade. In the face of this temptation, we should recall the disastrous policies of the early 1930s when nations tried to shore up their faltering industries by limiting imports. They were successful—imports fell. But exports also dropped, and the loss of sales worsened the Great Depression.

In an interdependent world, we benefit when our trading partners do well. We have an enlightened self-interest to promote their prosperity. When we buy their goods, they obtain dollars to buy our goods. Jobs are preserved and created here at home when U.S.-built products are sold abroad. International commerce enables all trading partners to enjoy bigger and bigger slices of an expanding economic pie.

To get our economy moving in the right direction, we need to promote policies that will increase our exports—not limit our imports. International competition encourages industries to invest in research and development to improve productivity and create better products at lower cost.

American companies should be more aggressive in pursuing international markets. Only 10 percent of U.S. manufacturing companies are directly involved in exports. Trade authorities estimate at least 20,000 more U.S. firms could easily tap export markets. Government has to do its part, too. Specifically, it can:

- Reflect the reality of what's available in international markets by revising U.S. restrictions on the exporting and re-exporting of data and products made from data licensed by the U.S. to foreign companies; data often available from other non-U.S. sources.
- Permit companies to pool research and share the results.
- Provide adequate lending authority to the Export-Import Bank so U.S. exporters can compete on equal footing with foreign companies.

Our government should work to ensure that U.S. companies have as much access to overseas markets as foreign producers have to the U.S. When the ministers of GATT meet in November, the international trading community should reaffirm its commitment to free trade by deeds as well as words. Many non-tariff barriers remain, impeding a greater flow of goods and services across borders. The U.S. should take the lead in negotiating the reduction of these restrictions.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"Republicans are such wimps," is the nonpartisan sarcasm currently making the Washington rounds, uttered by Republicans and Democrats alike. "Why aren't they rallying behind Reagan? With only a few days to go before the elections, the only one defending Reaganomics is Reagan. Where's the Cabinet? Where are the GOP senators who are not up for re-election? Where is the RNC chairman?" With his warriors having fled the field, the President is made to look like King Lear on the heath, waging battle against the Democratic elements all by himself.

Take the weekend of October 8 when unemployment pierced the double-digit barrier (10.1 per cent). Who appeared on Sunday's network talk shows to discuss the issue? On CBS's *Face the Nation*, it was Lane Kirkland. On David Brinkley's ABC show, White House Chief-of-Staff James Baker was paired with the surprisingly animated Walter Mondale. On NBC's *Meet the Press*, you saw the Agriculture Secretary, John Block, the nearest thing to an Administration utility hitter. As is his wont on television, Baker did yeoman work, although his discourse was somewhat lacking in anecdotes that would have enlivened the economic data. Why this interest in Sunday TV talk shows? True, in themselves these shows are no big ratings deal, but they become a big deal when they reappear on the Sunday night news and in Monday's papers.

This criticism does not pivot on the 10.1 per cent weekend alone. With elections upon us, the absence of surrogates has attained painful visibility. The Great Communicator looks to many like the Solitary Communicator. But no matter how ably the President performs, if Mr. Reagan keeps this pace up, his message will begin to wear thin. He will sound less like the Great Communicator and more like Johnny-One-Note.

This sorry state of affairs can be traced less to a poverty of surrogate talent than to a poverty of management. For example, Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan (recuperating from a sore throat on the October 8 weekend) has an unflappably forthright, engaging manner, and is able to condense and simplify abstruse economic data for the layman. Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige is not the world's most live wire (except, possibly, as bronco rider or calf roper) but communicates with independence, clarity, and authority. Lamentably, OMB Director David Stockman speaks with only marginal credibility but he could be plugged into certain media situations.

Management is the hang-up. Only recently, for example, did the White House start to fight the November 2 elections. This is because its management system is geared to react, not anticipate. Staffers are engulfed by immediate concerns. To accomplish anything requires not only persuading them to focus beyond the immediate crisis, but to get agreement on a course of action from Messrs. Meese, Baker, Deaver and, God help us, their immediate staffs.

"The White House needs a systems change," says a top-flight consultant, "and a personnel change that would bring in experienced organizational and scheduling aides with the clout to demand and get cooperation from Cabinet members and Hill Republicans. Jim Baker can invest a given person with such clout," the consultant adds, "but right now there is no one there skilled enough to handle it properly." Another problem is the inertia of Cabinet members to White House direction, stemming from their having been scarred by mean-spirited staff leaks.

A more specialized question is who will take the low road? Who will bitingly respond to criticism from Democrats such as Mondale, Kennedy, Hart, Metzenbaum, Dodd, and especially full-blooming Chuck Manatt, Democratic National Committee Chairman? George Bush was asked to hoe this row, but declined because he sounds strident and looks uncomfortable when he goes on attack. (To his credit, Bush has been working the states assiduously, though not getting the national coverage for it that Sunday talk shows—which he eschews—yield.)

Cool-eyed Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis could assume the negative role, and do it nicely, were he not persuaded that such politicking would play into the hands of those who want to move him into the Republican National Committee job, which Lewis disrelishes. (A higher Cabinet post, we hear, is the Transportation Secretary's ambition. Also, he might succeed Stockman or, possibly, Baker as Chief-of-Staff, if Baker moves into a Cabinet post.) In the Senate, who is there to wield the cudgel against the fire-breathing Democrats? Old hatchetman Bob Dole has taken the cure and is on another track altogether. As you go down the list, you'll find that it narrows fast and sharply—to the President's dear friend, Paul Laxalt, who has the ability to say very astringent things in very noncontroversial ways. But would Laxalt do it? Spiro, where are you when we really need you?

—CATO

---

theme Cuomo exploited. Beyond his upset win over Koch, Cuomo—though apparently a decent, if rather melancholy man—is a walking thesaurus of old-fashioned liberal ideas. In terms of public policy, he is the government-program and welfarist candidate.

Against Koch, he played minority-favoritism politics, and he has sought to stitch back together the old Democratic coalition of labor, minorities, and intellectualoids. If either Cuomo himself or any of his political supporters actually had a new idea, it would probably bring upon them a brain seizure. The principal theme of the Cuomo campaign, predictably enough, has been *envy*: Mr. Lehrman, a successful businessman, is rich. (A circumstance that distinguishes him from, say, such former governors as Franklin Roosevelt, Averell Harriman, and Nelson Rockefeller.)

Lehrman, in contrast, is a genuine reformer. He favors hefty tax cuts to lure businesses and jobs back to New York, pointing out that businesses, because of tax policy, have tended to move not to the Sunbelt but a few miles away to New Jersey. He profoundly believes that the private sector is the key to productivity and prosperity. His economic ideas are modern, and he was a prime candidate for Secretary of the Treasury when Reagan took office. He is also a reformer within the New York Republican Party, an entrenched and frequently corrupt structure. He has said that he would build a *new* Republican Party in the state, for which he naturally found himself the object of hatred

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by Republican bosses. As governor of New York, Lehrman would be a powerful generator of private-sector policies within the national party, in which role he would form a powerful tandem with the dynamic Representative Jack Kemp.

Most recent polls show Lehrman trailing Cuomo by about three points, not bad in that predominantly Democratic state. But the situation at this writing remains highly volatile. Unpredictable ethnic factors will probably play a role. Will Cuomo reap the large Italian vote, despite the fact that he is the leftward candidate? Lehrman is Jewish, but the effect of that is problematical.

In any case, if Lewis Lehrman manages a win on November 2, it will rock national politics. An independent-minded conservative, with some radical—in the true sense—ideas about reform, he may be the most interesting political figure to come out of New York since Theodore Roosevelt.

Unemployment and the Republican Record

Suppose that after two years a Republican President and Senate went to the voters with the following economic record:

Inflation had soared from 6 to 13 per cent, and interest rates from 13 to 20.5 per cent. The dollar had fallen steadily on world markets, and the balance of trade showed a deficit. Two new tax bills had been passed, which taken in combination added up to a big tax increase. Productivity was plunging, and although the overall level of business activity was close to normal, workers' real earnings were falling. In the past two months there had been the biggest stock and bond market crash in memory. There were only a few isolated bright spots: unemployment had slipped from 10.1 to a (still high) 7.4 per cent, and business profits were up and failures down.

Is there any doubt that, offered such a record, voters and pundits alike would be calling for Republican heads on pikes—that GOP members would be heaved out of Congress by the dozen? But, of course, the appalling record just cited is the precise reverse of what the Republicans have done: most of it is, so to speak, the Democratic record they have undone. Inflation and interest rates are in reality way down, financial markets and productivity way up. Yet the Democrats proclaim Reaganomics to be *the* campaign issue of 1982 and confidently expect to pick up twenty or thirty House seats by attacking it.

To understand why, it is necessary to take account of the totems and taboos that hedge all discussions of unemployment. For decades now Washington has been altering grant formulas and creating new programs to reward states and cities for having high unemployment rates. For just as long, it has also been extending and improving unemployment benefits. During all this time, as if by concidence, the "basic" or "underlying" rate of unemployment has crept steadily upward. It is a sure route to political oblivion, however, to ask publicly whether the grant formulas give states an incentive not to create jobs by improving their business climates. Likewise, nearly everyone knows of unemployed ex-students or out-of-work wives who don't bother to look for jobs until their benefits have nearly expired. It is forbidden, however, to consider them as anything but freak cases.

Yet, freak or not, such cases can have an impact out of all proportion to their numbers. Suppose, for example, that of six workers laid off, one watches television for a year until his benefits run out, while the other five look hard for employment and find jobs within two months. Then half the reported rise in unemployment over the year will consist of the television watcher.

Until some way is found to separate the first from the second group, it will be impossible to measure the real cost in involuntary unemployment of the Administration's and the Federal Reserve Board's anti-inflation policy. Whatever that cost proves to be, the Democrats will have to answer a few questions of their own: When, in modern times, has inflation ever been reduced as much and as fast at lower cost? And, if the cost is indeed too high, how long can we stand the alternative, which is a return to 13 per cent inflation and 20 per cent interest rates?

Balanced Budgets: Round One

If there is one thing that Tip O'Neill must fear most, it is that the balanced-budget amendment will come back Congress after Congress until it passes. Bad enough, in his view, to have the thing go through; but far, far worse to have to go on record against it again and again under voter scrutiny.

The idea of having a recorded vote on this issue, in fact, was one that seemed to outrage all sorts of tribunes of openness and accountability in government, not excluding the *New York Times*. So long as they could keep the amendment bottled up in committee, they could dismiss it as an utterly cranky, out-of-the-mainstream notion. That tack is harder to take now that the Senate and a majority (though not a sufficient majority) of the House have endorsed the idea. Furthermore, a majority of states have passed resolutions to force Congress to act or risk a constitutional convention. Those resolutions, as newspapers like to say of Soviet power, are "realities" that "won't go away."

Successful constitutional amendments often spend a while wearing off their rough edges before they final-

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ly pass in Congress. In this case proponents will need to reconcile the Senate-passed version with the version that came to the floor in the House. It is the Senate version, as amended by Senator Armstrong of Colorado, that has real teeth. It requires a three-fifths vote, not just on certain internal bookkeeping matters in Congress, but on votes to raise the national-debt ceiling. It also gets rid of the so-called temporary debt ceiling, which Democrats now can use as a hostage to win further temporary increases in the debt ceiling: if a debt-ceiling increase fails, the legal limit reverts instantly to a much lower level, and the resulting threat of disruption forces Congress to pass a debt-limit bill of some kind, removing the leverage that opponents would otherwise have. Under the Armstrong bill, all that happens if a debt-ceiling increase fails is that added borrowing becomes unlawful—in other words, a balanced-budget rule comes into force.

The vote also belies those perennial studies that purport to prove that federal spending siphons money away from the Frostbelt into the Sunbelt. Southern representatives formed a near-solid phalanx of support for this anti-spending measure: Frostbelt members were almost as solid in their opposition.

Good News for Strippers

Liberals are congratulating each other on blocking conservative "court-stripping" bills in Congress, begging the questions of whether such bills are constitutional (they are) and whether the Supreme Court itself, by usurping power, has *earned* itself a good stripping. Concerning the latter point, Raoul Berger should have settled the question once and for all in his *Government by Judiciary*; but the book, when it appeared in 1977, was denounced, its argument evaded, its implications ignored. Now the late returns are coming in —even from Professor Berger's critics.

In the *Ohio State Law Journal*, Larry Alexander hails Berger as "a true gadfly of constitutional theory" who "has quite convincingly demonstrated that the bulk of modern judicial decisions under the Fourteenth Amendment cannot be justified by reference to what the drafters of that Amendment believed [it] would accomplish."

Activist Michael Perry concedes that "the legislative history of the Fourteenth Amendment clearly discloses that the Framers did not mean for the Amendment to have any effect on segregated schools" and that "there is no plausible textual or constitutional justification for constitutional policymaking by the judiciary."

Paul Brest, Berger's most damning reviewer, now adjures his peers "simply to acknowledge that most of our writings [about judicial reviews] are not political theory but advocacy scholarship—amicus briefs designed to persuade the Court to adopt our various notions of the public good."

And Earl Warren's admiring biographer (and former clerk) G. Edward White (see page 1352) has just written: "Warren was never concerned with constitutional text or intention. Rather, he believed that his job as judge lay in discovering and articulating the 'ethical imperatives' he felt were (or should be) embedded in the Constitution."

So we have an interesting division in liberaldom. At the political level, liberals insist that Supreme Court and Constitution are one, so that to attack the former is to attack the latter. Within the academy, however, liberal theorists concede that the Court has assumed an extraconstitutional role. Next time around, conservatives should exploit the split.

Dyspepsia Time

Pravda and TASS are in a tizzy. "Ultra-reactionary," says one. "Spreader of filthy lies and slander," says the other. The incantation goes on: "enemy of detente [and of] liberation movements," "attacker of the freedom of people and of democracy," "cold warrior," "enemy of the poor," and on and on.

The occasion is the announcement that State Department Counsel James L. Buckley has been named president of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, by Frank Shakespeare, head of the Board of International Broadcasting. BIB is an independent board whose members are appointed by the President for three-year terms, and whose work is funded by Congress. Unlike Voice of America, which is the official radio voice of the United States and whose mandate is to explain U.S. policy to other peoples, RFE/Liberty's job is to provide listeners behind the Iron Curtain (RFE) and in the USSR (Radio Liberty) with information of primary interest to them, such as, in Poland today, what is going on in Gdansk and other embattled centers of unrest.

To handle this assignment RFE/Liberty has 44 transmitters and sixteen hundred employees around the world, many of them engaged in gathering and sifting information from and about the target areas.

Jimmy Hates Teddy

If he were a born-again Borgia,
You know what he'd have in his ring;
If he were an FBI biggie,
His boys would be planning a sting.
Although he's a church-going Christian
And sings of the sweet by-and-by,
When preaching on Teddy, his scripture
Is always, "An eye for an eye."

W. H. VON DREELE

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In addition to RFE's broadcasts to the satellites, Radio Liberty broadcasts to the Soviet Union in 15 languages, from Russian to Turkic.

Buckley's appointment has been acclaimed in émigré circles where he is considered to be a friend of the captive peoples. When Gerald Ford was dodging a meeting with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Senator Buckley was in Moscow talking to Andrei Sakharov and to other dissidents and refusniks. He brought back from one such meeting the names of several thousand Volga Germans who have been trying for a quarter of a century to be repatriated to West Germany. His experiences in the Senate, as a State Department trouble-shooter in the past 18 months and, before that, his 17 years in international business, provide an excellent background for the task ahead.

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I LOVE IT...
MILLIONS WILL SUFFER... THEY WONT BE ABLE TO PAY THEIR BILLS...
THEY'LL GROW DESPONDENT... DISILLUSIONED...
AND THEY'LL VOTE DEMOCRATIC!
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S. HALEY
THE PARTY OF COMPASSION.

Earlier this year, Solzhenitsyn, emphasizing the importance of any nugget of truth to captive peoples whose regular diet of news is distilled lies, wrote in NATIONAL REVIEW: "I listened constantly to Russian-language broadcasts from the West. I made use of the information, rejoiced in the successes, and was deeply distressed by the mistakes [of RFE/Liberty.]"

Buckley's appointment to RFE/Liberty, coming on the heels of the naming of *Reader's Digest* senior editor Kenneth Tomlinson as Voice of America director, indicates a new seriousness in Washington about using a weapon readily at hand in the battle for men's minds that we are now waging with the Soviet Union.

May Radio Moscow, Pravda, and TASS grow ever more dyspeptic.

The German Question

The political shift now in process within the German Federal Republic is bound to have profound effects on the core and fabric of the Western alliance. That is the one sure thing to be said about it at the moment. Whether the momentum is in a conservative direction or leftward is problematic. A lot of cogent-sounding guesswork is being uttered on both sides of the question. Our own judgment will await the outcome of the next election, apparently due a few months hence, contenting ourselves meanwhile with a few reflections.

Developments now in train are linked to two principles in West Germany's basic law enacted a third of a century ago—proportional representation and the concept of "constructive no-confidence." The first is a long-established usage in Germany. In its current version a German voter in a national election casts two votes—one for a parliamentary candidate in his district and the other for his party preference. Candidates garnering a majority of votes cast in any constituency are thereby elected. Seats left unfilled by direct election are allocated proportionally among parties scoring 5 per cent or better in the nationally aggregated party votes. To a point, the system tends to encourage marginal parties. The principle of "constructive no-confidence" is a device to offset a potential for instability resulting from a multiplicity of small parties. Actually it is an American invention—inherited from the occupation—designed to prevent antithetic extremist parties from hamstringing government by ganging up against the center as they did before the Nazi advent. In effect, it is impermissible to oust a cabinet unless those overturning it can form a governing combination to succeed.

The latter device has been resorted to only twice—once unsuccessfully against Willy Brandt's predominantly Social Democratic government a decade ago, and a second time successfully against Helmut Schmidt's predominantly Social Democratic government this September. What made the determinative difference was the Free Democratic Party, which, by leaving one coalition and embracing another, shifted the parliamentary center of gravity.

It was a proper working of a principle explicit in the German constitution—yet one to which the Germans are not habituated. Schmidt and the Social Democrats in general are accusing the Free Democratic Party of reneging, and the indicators are that some German voters will sense impropriety in the action and its consequences in bringing in a predominantly Christian Democratic government under Helmut Kohl. How far this may go—and whether some resentment may rub off on Kohl's party and its Bavarian adjunct—are imponderables in the upcoming election.

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An unfortunate effect could be a shift of a disaffected number to the so-called Green Party—an amalgam of protesters and malcontents who boast of constituting the anti-party party—sufficient to put it in the swing position between Christian Democrats and Social Democrats, both groups lacking majorities of their own. The wrenching effect on West German politics would be profound, and pressures on the Social Democrats to move unequivocally left so as to rule again in company with a somewhat aggrandized Green Party would be considerable. Willy Brandt, chairman of the Social Democrats, could surely be counted on to exploit such an opportunity to the full. For now, however, we shall put aside bad dreams and wish Helmut Kohl all the luck in the world.

Off the Wall at TNR

When an attack upon the Brookings Institution, a Washington think-tank that, among other things, provides solace for Democratic intellectuals between Democratic Administrations, appears in the pages of *The New Republic*, eyebrows rise a millimeter or two. When the attack consists of the charge that Brookings is *racist*, one begins to think about the possibility of committing the writer to St. Elizabeth's mental hospital, conveniently located in the Washington area.

This train of thought is only reinforced by the fact that the author of the piece is Nicholas Von Hoffman, a notoriously erratic journalist, whose full-moon reflections appear from time to time in *The New Republic*.

The subject of Von Hoffman's wild stare this time is a Brookings study that addresses itself to the ethnic composition of the U.S. military, certainly a legitimate question. The Brookings authors ask whether it is good that so high a percentage of the career U.S. enlisted men are black, and they ask whether, in a democracy, the military ought not to be more reflective of the society as a whole, thereby achieving greater psychological legitimacy. Without offering here to answer such questions one way or another, it seems to us that they are legitimate questions and hardly deserving of Von Hoffman's imputation of racism.

Pursuing his theme of a wider American racism concentrated in the upper social ranks, Von Hoffman ranges far and wide. He cites, for example, a Harvard poll of the Class of 1957 in which 54 per cent think that blacks are as intelligent as whites, the remainder holding other or no opinions. This breakdown is supposed to be indicative of racism, when in fact it may only reflect a casual reading of press reports on the arcane subject of IQ distribution and not at all be indicative of racial attitudes. (It has always been the position of NATIONAL REVIEW that these IQ studies are morally irrelevant.)

In the course of his discussion of all this, Von Hoffman turns his attention to a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW: "True, the people at Brookings aren't cruel, but they want blacks in the Army just about as badly as Jeff Hart and his students want them at Dartmouth."

Now, the Brookings study does not argue that blacks be excluded from the Army. Thus, despite Von Hoffman's Grub Street prose, it is obviously false to say that they don't want blacks in the Army.

It is also completely false that either Professor Hart or "his students" want to exclude blacks from Dartmouth. Von Hoffman made no attempt to check on the truth of his vile allegation. In fact, one of the most prominent recent black graduates of Dartmouth stated publicly that the Dartmouth professor who had most encouraged and influenced him was Professor Hart.

It is sad to see garbage of this sort in a generally useful and normally responsible journal. As Joseph Welch once asked Senator McCarthy: "Sir, have you no shame?"

The Boys of Autumn

The Milwaukee Brewers and the St. Louis Cardinals made it to the finals as another baseball season came to an end, the "national pastime," rich in its old symbolic content, enduring despite the players' strike and even George Steinbrenner.

Until 1957, the big leagues were not truly national, but heavily tilted toward the older states east of the Mississippi. Beginning with the move of the Dodgers and the Giants to California, however, the leagues spread West and South—an obvious reflection of profound demographic and economic changes, which affected things as disparate as our music and our politics.

But the game of baseball resists essential modernization, remaining—as Michael Novak points out in his brilliant *The Joys of Sports*—essentially a pastoral genre, a green recollection of America's rural past amid the concrete and steel of our modern cities.

A baseball game proceeds at a leisurely rural pace, unhurried by the clock. It is surrounded by ritual out of the past: chewing tobacco, handle-bar mustaches, long underwear, the seventh-inning stretch. The precise geometry of the "diamond" and the rare body-contact endow it with a cool eighteenth century quality, and, indeed, the players, each occupying his particular turf, are like individual property owners out of John Locke. Even the names of the players have always tended to have an archaic rural quality: Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Catfish Hunter, Dixie Walker, Pee Wee Reese, Red Barber, Reggie Jackson, Robin Yount, Thurman Munson.

As the Brewers and the Braves take the field, the boys of this autumn, re-enacting the old rituals, the drama is heightened, as always, by the felt presence of America's Jeffersonian and rural past.

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Anna Freud: The Old Order Passeth

Anna Freud was not only the last of Sigmund Freud's children, but one of the last of his intellectual intimates—the psychoanalytic old guard that had worked with him closely and carried on the orthodoxy in its pristine state. She studied first-hand, as a specialist in child psychology, the developmental stages he had only inferred from adult dreams and memories. Her death, at age 86, comes at a time of intensive reconsideration of her father's legacy.

Anna Freud's private papers, assuming there are any (she was analyzed by Sigmund, an experience about which she never commented), are sure to be publishing events. Not that there has been any dearth. Every publishing season, like clockwork, Freud is assailed by critics, modified by disciples, and sifted by axe-grinders—Marxists, feminists, homosexuals. Some recent studies, like John Murray Cuddihy's *The Ordeal of Civility*, have broken new ground; most are academic make-work: graffiti on cultural landmarks.

Sociologically, Freud appeared at a cusp of European history—the assimilation, painful and imperfectly complete, of eastern European Jews. Culturally, he was used by flappers and feature writers as an excuse for making whoopee. Philosophically, he can be seen as a domestication of Nietzsche and Goethe—"self-reverence" made practical, *Faust, Part Two* for Everyman—though as he grew older, he became more pessimistic. For all his ambivalence, he was a European of the old order, his worst book, a psycho-biography of Woodrow Wilson, growing out of a European traditionalist's rage at the Versailles settlement.

As the years pass, such an eccentricity, like Pound's economics or Einstein's politics, fades, taking its place as quirk and footnote. The techniques and the insights developed by Freud and his followers, including Anna, remain.

Glenn Gould, R I P

He was the musician whom, if placed in an anonymous lineup, the hypothetical man from Mars would instantly have recognized as—a man from Mars. The warm arm-baths; the glass of spring water ever by; the gloves worn even in summertime; the stool, the better to crouch over the keyboard of his retooled Steinway; the singing; the opinions (for instance: Mozart died too late)—Glenn Gould's eccentricities will be enlarging anthologies of musical anecdotes for decades to come.

The music was as idiosyncratic as its maker. From his first recording of *The Goldberg Variations*, done when he was 23, until his last, 37 years later, released just before his fatal stroke, he left a body of work that was meticulous, mannered, *virgo intacta*. He worried about the "tyrannical forces of the Zeitgeist" (he was about as tyrannized as Simeon Stylites).

It may not always have been Sibelius, or Mozart, or Bach that he played, exactly. But it was rare and wonderful all the same.

Gloom in Darwinland

A gnat that had been mummified
  For forty million years,
Excited evolutionists,
  Who peered at tiny smears.
You see, one would have thought a gnat
  That buzzed so long ago
Would indicate mutations, but
  Unfortunately, no.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a conservative collegian, I offer the following thought on the RIP "Age of Aquarius." Were we conservatives, anti-aquarians or, were we more positively, antiquarians?

My entry for the oxymoron contest: *Soviet aid.*

Faithfully yours,
Roe Frazer
Sturgis, Ky.

■ Dear Bill:

In your column, you ask, "Why not redistribute talent?" In it you suggest that the "redistributionist ideal" requires that the inequality of nature, in endowing such persons as J. K. Galbraith and Art Buchwald with talents beyond the ordinary, must be compensated for somehow by laws rectifying this inequality.

The suggestions that you make for such compensation are however inadequate. They do not go to the root of the question. For that, I would commend to you the scheme outlined by Aristophanes in his play *The Assembly of Women* (or *Ecclesiazusae*). There the women of Athens enact a communist regime, based upon the principle of equality. Having abolished the conventional inequalities based upon private property, they realize that their revolution has gone only part of the way toward its goal. Property, they see, is only a means toward an end: pleasure. The true equality sought is equality of pleasure, and the true obstacle to

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that goal is not convention, but nature. What is the obstacle to equality of pleasure? Not such minor things as talents, such as writing books (Galbraith), or cracking jokes (Buchwald). The deep and permanent obstacles presented by nature are the inequalities represented by age and beauty. And so the women enact a law that the young and beautiful must make love to the old and the ugly, *before* they are permitted to make love to each other. Now there is redistributionism carried to its ultimate (proper?) conclusion.

It is incidentally of some interest to know that the Leader of the Revolution, one Praxagora ("praxis in the agora") is a young woman married to a rich old man. Since she has paid her dues—so to speak—under the old regime, she will be ready for fun in the new. Thus the answer to *cui bono*?

I won't tell you how the scheme works out. If you don't remember, I can send you a copy of the play. But I did want to remind you that these questions were worked out with considerable rigor in the olden times, and in a manner much more pertinent as well as much funnier than either Buchwald or Galbraith!

As ever,
Harry V. Jaffa
Department of Political Science
Claremont McKenna College
Claremont, Calif.

Dear Harry: If I understand you, Ken Galbraith should proceed to make love to Art Buchwald, right?
Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

All mankind does not bow (lexicographically) to Follett's *Modern American Usage*, 1966. (Mr. Lou Rose's letter in *NR*, Sept. 3).

The use of cohort "in the singular to denote one person" is acceptable, at least.

According to the *Oxford American*, Webster's *New World*, and Webster's *Seventh New World* dictionaries, a cohort is an accomplice, associate, colleague, companion, follower, or supporter.

"Elegant writing" is pretty subjective. For example, how else does one "denote one person" other than "in the singular?"

Sincerely,
Henry Reil
Hamden, Conn.

■ Dear Bill:

As my entry in the pedantry department, I wish to point out that Professor Zulauf (*NR*, Sept. 3) quite correctly stated that the word "Tsarytsin" does not mean "heir apparent" in Russian but made a boo-boo himself. "Tsarytsin" does not mean, roughly or otherwise, the son of a tsar but is a possessive adjective derived from the word "tsaritsa," or tsarina, and means something belonging to a tsarina. It should be

spelled "tsaritsyn." "Tsarevich" literally does mean the son of a tsar, and in the nineteenth century and afterward was colloquially used to mean the heir to the throne, whose official title, however, was "tsesarevich."

I am sorry you don't plan to speak to the Russians in any language; that would be a considerable loss to our psychological warfare capabilities.

Cordially,
David Chavchavadze
Washington, D.C.

■ Memo to: National Review
From: W. L. Shrader
Seattle, Wash.
Re: Bill Woods's memo to you (Aug. 16 issue)

The one word "quantum" as explained in the above issue of NATIONAL REVIEW perfectly describes Mr. Reagan's tax policy.

From the larger tax decrease to the larger tax increase, with no intermediate position, has to be a true application of the quantum theory in the President's position. Missing was the "flash of light."

—WFB

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And NR should make an ideal gift for those hard-to-please people on your list—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are coming back to the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

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(And an early Merry Christmas to you too.)

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FROM

Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Straight

On Grading Shultz

BY OUTLOOK AND experience, George Shultz, it now appears, is a globalist. "I can't remember when I was in the same time zone for a long while," he likes to tell reporters, lamenting that the Middle East has tyrannized his focus. His predecessor tended to view foreign policy through the lens of East-West conflict. Shultz uses that lens, certainly, but he also widens the angle to include conflicts on other fronts.

As a result of this internationalist bent, the Secretary of State is bringing more balance to U.S. foreign policy. He is reinforcing the center by isolating extremes of Right and Left. Our commitment to Israel remains riveted, for example, but Arabs must be made to feel that they can more openly identify with the United States and its foreign policy. When Mr. Shultz concerns himself with Latin America, this centrism will bear welcome fruit since, for too long, our foreign policy has tended to support most vigorously governments under attack from leftist subversion and failed to do enough for democratic forces moving away from the extreme Right.

The style of our foreign policy has also changed. Shultz has lowered both the rhetoric and its volume. He listens well and long. A former academic, he demands substance in his briefing papers and wants all implications of a decision, even the most implausible and remote, to be included.

Where Shultz has fallen short of expectations is in his failure to gain control of key personnel in his Department. By way of background, a small drama at State is currently being played out, and can briefly be narrated here. Recently a Cuban national, known to Miami's influential Cuban-American community (that backed Ronald Reagan over 90 per cent), fled his homeland to seek asylum in the United States, only to be summarily deported by the State Department. The Immigration and Naturalization Service was mobilized, incredibly enough, over a weekend, to do the deed.

Enraged, a contingent of Miami's Cuban-Americans appealed to the White House. James Baker, the Chief-of-Staff, handed them over to Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Tom Enders, who told them that the forced repatriation was due to a misinterpretation of the immigration law. The Cubans clamored for the resignation of the official responsible, Myles R. R. Frechette, Director of the Office of Cuban Affairs. Frechette is a fortyish foreign-service officer with a reputation among Reagan appointees of being another silly-putty careerist: soft on Cuba when he served under Carter, now conveniently hard on Cuba under Reagan. Frechette worked closely with his colleague, Wayne Smith, U.S. Interest Officer in Havana, who has publicly urged the United States to kiss-and make-up with Fidel. (In fairness to Frechette, some non-Reaganites at State say that he did not "collaborate" with Smith.)

To calm the Cubans, Enders led them to understand that Frechette would be transferred from the Cuban desk, and they returned to Miami believing that the offending officer would be, in effect, demoted. But, no, Enders promoted Frechette to Deputy Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. Before the White House could hiccup (White House approval is required for deputy-level appointments at State, not Senate confirmation), Enders installed Frechette physically in the Deputy's office at State. Enders, who gave a sensible and seminal address on U.S. Inter-American policy on the West Coast not long ago, was said to have been disgruntled by what one Department official described as "the uppity behavior of the Cubans."

A more worrisome personnel case is that of the Executive Secretary to Mr. Shultz, and the head of the Executive Secretariat of the State Department, L. Paul Bremer III, who held this position under Cyrus Vance, Edmund Muskie, and Al Haig. The Executive Secretariat is, after the Secretary of State's office, the most important administrative and policymaking (reductively) operation in the whole Department. The Secretariat controls the one hundred-plus critical messages and memoranda fed to the Secretary daily. In assigning projects, it can manipulate outcomes. If a hard line is judged desirable, send the project to a hardliner in Policy Planning. For a soft line, route it to Joe Keepcool at the Regional Bureau. The chaps at the Secretariat handle the day-to-day policy actions and operations of the Department.

This is not to say that Bremer is not a dedicated civil servant, as is his deputy, Ray Seitz, whom Bremer moved up from Public Affairs. They both fit smoothly into the State Department service corps—an elite of liberals dedicated to a strong America but not quite sure how to make it so.

EVEN IF WE were to assume that their quasi-liberal philosophies will not affect policy decisions at State, their retention (in the same high-level jobs), or promotion, sends precisely the wrong signal to the bureaucracy, namely, Business as Usual: No Shultz imprint on the Department. Jobs are safe. It was in the wake of keeping Bremer on that Enders moved the Castro softliner Frechette into the deputy slot.

After Haig's departure, Reagan appointees hoped that the White House and Shultz would gain control of State personnel, so that policy could reflect the thinking of those who had won the intellectual battle in 1980. Instead, sadly, the State Department feels free to go its own way certain that the White House triumvirate (Messrs. Baker, Meese, and Deaver) won't interfere, since they have other fish to fry, like the elections and the economy.

So how is Shultz to be graded after a hundred days in office? On a scale of one to ten with ten being highest, informed Reaganites put it at 8.5. The Washington diplomatic community would probably give him a point higher, so relieved are they to see the rhetorical voltage cut back from the Haig days. But to scale greater heights, George Shultz will need to have dedicated sherpas each committed to the same goal, and each bearing his own team burden. □

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Sovereign China

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

CONSERVATIVE PRIME MINISTERS and presidents do seem to be most welcome in the Chinese People's Republic: Heath, Nixon, Thatcher. No Soviet Communist, even if allowed into the Forbidden City in the first place, would command half such cordiality as Britain's Prime Minister encountered on her first visit to the giant of the Far East last month.

To be sure, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher needed as much cordiality as she could get, since the future of Hong Kong was top on the agenda. To say that the Chinese are an extraordinary people is to stress the obvious, but despite the occasional anti-British riot, the Communist regime in Peking does seem over the years to have contemplated the spectacle of capitalist opulence in the New Territories and on the island of Victoria (Hong Kong proper) with considerably greater equanimity than the East Germans and their Soviet masters looked upon West Berlin before the Wall was built. Not only does no comparable device bring death to citizens of the People's Republic seeking the freedom of Hong Kong (though strong swimmers have been known to have been fired upon), but Hong Kong denizens would die of thirst without Mainland water.

In her conversations in Peking, the Prime Minister had to contend not merely with residual Confucian politeness (which consists, in part, of saying what you think the other person wants to hear) and Communist double talk (not yet completely eliminated by the pragmatic Mr. Deng Xiaoping. I yield at last to the absurd Pinyin system of transliteration foisted on the Chinese language at a time when the People's Republic was trying to make it easy for Russians to learn Chinese).

The issue of the future of Hong Kong far transcends the intrinsic importance of that spectacular bit of landscape and real estate. As everybody knows, in 1997 the British are supposed to hand back the territories leased on the Mainland, and nobody supposes that the Colony could remain in British hands after that.

Pride, greed, and common sense are inextricably tied into the equation. The Colony is the People's Republic's main source of foreign exchange, which it does not wish to lose. The four million or so inhabitants are overwhelmingly ethnic Chinese and overwhelmingly in favor of remaining under British rule (as a local poll in June conclusively showed), not because they like the British particularly, but because those who have money want to make more and know they could not do so under Communist rule. And those who are poor would rather be poor under capitalism than under the rule of "the people."

Common sense counsels continuing the status quo; pride objects. Not unexpectedly, the Chinese Premier, Zhao Ziyang, let it be known that China expected sovereignty over the entire Hong Kong area to revert to Peking, come 1997. But he added soothing promises about doing nothing to interfere with the prosperity of the island. If this meant anything, it meant that capitalism could go on unhindered, but that at any future time of their own choosing the Communists could decide to introduce Communism.

The Tolling Bell

There, one might say, is the rub. That frenetic New York of the Far East, Hong Kong, brings to the creation and pursuit of wealth a single-minded concentration and ingenuity that are typical of liberated Chinese. The quicker the buck, the better, when one does not know how much longer one is going to be allowed to make the buck.

The knowledge that in 1997 China will be sovereign in Hong Kong seems bound to be a major and fast-growing business disincentive. Moreover, if Deng Xiaoping, in defiance of vital statistics, is still alive in 1997, he will be 93 and, just possibly, less alert on his "road to capitalism" than he now is.

In other words, and while recognizing that, as Deng has demonstrated, even a veteran of the Long March can be an authentic pragmatist, I am not sure I should be prepared to gamble more than a fistful of Hong Kong dollars on the proposition that Hong Kong will be a going capitalist concern in, say, the year 2000. Unless, of course, by then China has ceased to be a "People's Republic" and evolved into the kind of society that is compatible with Hong Kong as it now is: which Taiwan and Singapore are, and Mainland China is not.

Stranger things have happened in history, but I have a deep-rooted skepticism about the evolutive possibilities of any Communist Party, especially one that has been in power since 1949. Even now, the victims of Mao Tse-tung's lunatic and disastrous Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution cannot be said to have won a complete de jure, as distinct from de facto, victory over the oppressors of 1966.

A Failed Opportunity

It is encouraging to find the Gang of Four officially reviled, and to find Deng's protégé, Zhao Ziyang (who once wore a dunce's hat to the jeers of the Red Guards) in an exalted post. But so long as a dogmatic party is in power, and so long as the dogma itself remains undenounced, anything can happen, including a reversion to the barbarism of earlier years, and including a reconciliation with the despised men of Moscow.

Perhaps the thing I most dislike, however, about the statement of intent to restore "sovereignty" over Hong Kong, is the thought that yet another chance to solve the Chinese problem forever is slipping away before our eyes. The recipe for a solution that I spelled out in NATIONAL REVIEW (Dec. 6, 1974) after my visit to Taiwan in that year remains fully valid, but only on paper. Were it not for the survivors of the great days of Kuomintang rule on the Mainland (not least the widow of "The Man Who Lost China"), the solution would be the proclamation of a separate Chinese sovereignty in Taiwan. This would be neither a "Two-Chinas" solution nor a proclamation of Taiwanese independence. Instead, a "Chinese Republic of Taiwan" could in time be complemented by a "Chinese Republic of Singapore" and a "Chinese Republic of Hong Kong." It is the last of these constitutional possibilities that has just been scotched in Peking.

Unless, of course, as I said, the Mainland Republic ceases to call itself "People's" and to claim legitimacy through the doctrines of Marx and Lenin. □

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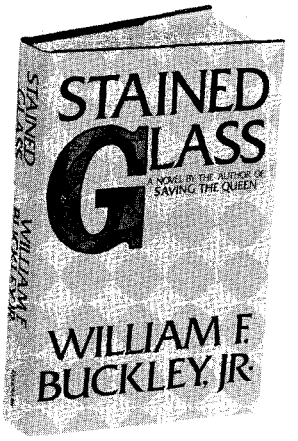
"I have read all of Mr. Buckley's spy novels, and while I think that each one gets better, still Stained Glass is the best—if that makes any sense. I suppose the later plots may be better (or more intricate), but the characters are better, and the reader really does care about Count Wintergrin's end. Like any good novel you put it down wondering what might have happened, what might have been, and you wish you had more." So writes a Manhattan reader, and he's not alone: all of Bill Buckley's Blackford Oakes spy-thrillers have sold well, but none so consistently as Stained Glass (which won an American Book Award). Sad to say, our supply is running low, but if you missed it you can still get a free and postpaid copy just by using the card facing this page to subscribe to National Review—or to renew your current subscription, no matter when it is due to expire—we'll add another 26 issues of NR to your current term, and send you Stained Glass without delay. That's right, a free copy of this collector's item, and you pay only the regular $26 rate (which saves you another $6.50 over the newsstand price). So don't miss this opportunity to save money and get a fascinating book you'll want to add to your own library. Offer good only while our supply lasts, so use the card facing this page now, before you forget.



By the way, this fascinating book does have an intricate plot that will keep you guessing right to the end (and you really will learn a lot about stained glass too).

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ELECTION '82

Liberals on the Loose

Richard Brookhiser

THE BASEMENT OF THE town office building in Framingham, Mass., was covered with colored animal pictures, indicating either a child's birthday party or a political function. This night, it was the Republicans and their red, white, and blue elephants, come for a meet-the-candidates session. The event drew fifty people, a significant proportion of the state's GOP.

Massachusetts is not quite as politically lopsided as the old Deep South was, but the Democrats aren't complaining. They hold precisely four-fifths of the seats in the state senate and a larger proportion in the house. In 1978, the Republicans did not contest 78 per cent of the races in the state. The registration figures show equal, and hefty, numbers of Democrats and Independents, with Republicans trailing a remote third.

In this context, Ray Shamie, self-made businessman and political novice, has chosen to take on one of the fixtures of American politics, Edward Kennedy. Shamie came to the Framingham lectern after half a dozen of his fellow Republicans, including one who described his own speaking style as "short, brief, and to the point." Shamie has dark, wavy hair, silvering through the temples, and a jauntier manner than you would expect from your average kamikaze.

"Well," he began, "we got our debate, right?" The audience applauded, as well it might. Debate challenges are one of the great mating rituals of American politics; underdogs (Kennedy, say, in 1980) always issue them, front-runners (Kennedy in 1982) always resist. What Shamie did was offer a $10,000 reward to anyone who could get Kennedy into the ring with him, and lest it go begging, he hired airplanes to trail it over Patriots football games, the Knoxville World's Fair, and locations in 34 other states. The Cardinal Cushing School and Training Center for retarded children in Hanover arranged the encounter and got the check.

Shamie turned next to the other side's latest media ploy, five-minute-long television spots, dwelling on Kennedy's character. "He spent almost $1 million," Shamie declared, "to change his image. One of the testimonials was from his campaign manager. They neglected to say that on the air." He sounded genuinely surprised by this dereliction. Indeed, there runs through Shamie's speeches and literature, disguised by his geniality, a streak of newcomer's indignation: look, they do this, and this, and *this*.

He held up another Kennedy ad, a pamphlet equating the Senator's re-election with salvation from nuclear holocaust. (*And this too!*) "Look at my ads carefully. Everything I say is documented. No one has ever challenged what I say—about Kennedy's record or what I've done." No one can accuse the Shamie campaign of straying into personalities, either. This, to the newcomer, is the true dereliction of image-making: campaigns should be about issues. Unlike many conservatives who have gone for Kennedy's scalp, Shamie is more interested in the sinking economy than sunken cars, and gives everyone else the credit of thinking that he or she is too. "This state is ready for a change," he concluded, still smiling.

Raymond Shamie was born in Brooklyn, N.Y. February 14, 1921, son of immigrants (Shamie—the *a* is short—is a Syrian name). When his father died in an accident, Shamie, 16, drove a truck to support his family. In his early thirties, he moved to Massachusetts and went to work for a manufacturing firm. While there, he invented a product—a precision industrial bellows. His employers weren't buying, so he set up his own company, Metal Bellows. Thirty years later, he is one of the largest producers in the world, supplying more than one hundred parts for the space shuttle.

Shamie's first audience was his own employees. In 1976 he started voluntary monthly meetings, on company time, offering speakers on public issues, mostly economics. Metal Bellows workers, evangelized, collected four thousand signatures—more than any other company in the state—to put Massachusetts's tax-cutting Proposition 2½ on the ballot. More recently, he has set up programs for high-school teachers, a far more benighted population.

Some of Shamie's associates thought he would make a good gubernatorial candidate, but he wanted a crack at Senator Kennedy. "I'm damned if I'm going to let this country go down the tubes because that bunch in Washington doesn't know anything about economics." At the party's nominating

This is the third and final piece by NR *Senior Editor Richard Brookhiser on the 1982 elections.*

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convention, Shamie handily defeated his only opponent, Mildred Jefferson, the black right-to-lifer. He has spent $700,000 out of his own pocket so far, and looks to spend more.

The Shamie campaign is the latest attempt to exploit the conservatism of the Massachusetts electorate. Yes, it was "The People's Republic of Massachusetts" and "Taxachusetts," and it went for McGovern and all those local Democrats, and it harbors Harvard and Teddy and Tip. Nevertheless, there is in the state a large conservative sentiment that registered itself in referendums on a host of issues throughout the Seventies, soundly routing the goo-goos almost every time.

The Republican Party has had trouble attracting this latent conservatism to itself. For one thing, it is not very conservative. Massachusetts had the only primary in which Anderson ran ahead of Reagan (helped, to be sure, by Independent cross-overs). Republicans are also disproportionately Yankee, a small and despised minority.

The first conservative in years to win a state-wide race was, ironically, a Democrat. Edward J. King upset the incumbent, Michael Dukakis, in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in 1978. Dukakis had come in on the Watergate tide four years earlier, promising, like his political classmate Jerry Brown, a new politics of prudence and limits. In the event, he swelled the state budget by more than double, raised taxes, and reacted to news of Proposition 13 by remarking that Massachusetts voters were "too intelligent" for such stuff.

King came, as he himself puts it, from the "opposite end of the party." The Irish Catholic King had played football for the Buffalo Bills and the Baltimore Colts, and served as director of the Massachusetts Transit Authority. He opposed abortion, supported capital punishment, and promised to cut taxes. This surprising Democrat surprised Dukakis, and rolled over Francis Hatch, the patrician moderate tapped by the GOP, in the general election.

He fulfilled an unusually large number of his campaign promises: raising the drinking age, cutting the overall tax burden by 25 per cent, trimming 58,000 from the welfare rolls. And yet his popularity hemorrhaged steadily away. Part of it was corruption. A secretary of transportation went to jail for bribery, and by election time there was a ripe scandal in the revenue department involving a convicted tax swindler, a suicide, and a stonewalling revenue commissioner.

More important was King's handling, or mishandling, of Proposition 2½—so-called because it limited real-estate taxes to 2.5 per cent of fair market value. The Proposition was an authentic disestablishmentarian revolt, a lusty yawp of the bourgeoisie in the style of Proposition 13. King could have been its Howard Jarvis, but he tried to enact his own reform plan through the legislature, failed, then sat on his hands: 2½ went on the ballot as a referendum in 1980 and won (one more conservative mandate) whereupon King embraced it. However, when strapped localities applied to the state for assistance, King, trying to cut his own budget, turned them down. Philosophically, he would have been justified in arranging a compromise, since it was the state that had required many local expenditures in the first place. Politically, he played into the hands of liberals who had gleefully predicted fiscal disruption. A year before the primary, King's own pollsters showed him trailing his old political enemy, Michael Dukakis, by 63 percentage points.

King toughed it out, and very nearly succeeded. He poured money into television and hammered at conservative themes. On primary day, the governor lost to the former governor, 54 to 46 per cent.

The Republicans, meanwhile, picked

John Winthrop Sears, descendant of John Winthrop, another former governor (first elected, 1629). Sears, a former Boston city councilman, calls himself "the last practicing Yankee" and lives on Beacon Hill, a few doors down from George Apley.

BEACON HILL LIES in the district of Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., Speaker of the House, who faces his most serious challenge in thirty years.

Tip, grandson of a "two-boater"—an Irish immigrant who had to stop in Nova Scotia and work to pay the rest of his passage to Boston—was born on December 9, 1912. Politics ran in the family; O'Neill *père* was Cambridge city sewer commissioner with control of 1,700 patronage jobs. "Show me a boy that hustles for the organization on election day," said George Washington Plunkitt, "and I'll show you a comin' statesman." O'Neill hustled for Al Smith in high school, ran for office himself while a senior at Boston College and lost narrowly. Two years later —1936—he won a seat in the state legislature. He has been in public office ever since, longer, actually, than half the people in the United States have been alive.

The machine politics practiced by the O'Neills and their peers had its good points. The machine's power derived from its concern for the well-being of what Edmund Burke called "the little platoon." The bad points were that the machine paid for its concern with public funds, and that the rhetoric of tribal loyalty, with only a little copy-editing, lent itself to the vast salvific visions of New Deal and Great Society liberalism.

O'Neill, in his half-century career, has risen effortlessly from the corner bar to the Family of Man. These days, his concern is omnivorous. "I've been one of the big spenders of all time," he boasted in a celebrated interview. "It's true. Once a doctor came down here to talk to us. He said the average dwarf grows only 46 inches high, and if we appropriated $45 million for research, maybe that could be increased to 52 inches. So I got the $45 million into the budget. I know that programs like that are going to die now. But that doesn't mean we were wrong in doing them. I've always thought it was the obligation of the government to help people like that." We knew, be-

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cause he never let us forget it, that he is on the side of the little man. What he never told us was that the little man is four feet tall.

What does the corner bar think of him now? Recent congressional elections suggest that the neighborhood still rates its old pol highly—in 1978 Tip O'Neill racked up 75 per cent; in 1980, 78 per cent. O'Neill's Republican opponent this year thinks those margins are inflated.

Frank McNamara came into the world November 4, 1947, just five years before Tip was first elected to Congress. He went to Harvard, served with the Navy, and attended the University of Virginia Law School. He has a profile like F. Scott Fitzgerald's on the backs of the Scribner editions, Irish-setter-tinted hair parted preppily in the middle, a radiant smile, and a mouth in which butter wouldn't melt. I watched him at work campaigning in a shopping mall in Watertown, a Boston suburb.

Anyone can grab hands, introduce himself, and leave a leaflet. The point is to blarney. McNamara was born under the Stone

It is not obvious, when you think about it, how to make contact with complete strangers who have their minds on broccoli or sweaters. Anyone can grab hands, introduce himself, and leave a leaflet that will be filed in the nearest garbage can. The point is to blarney. McNamara was born under the Stone. To a pair of gum-mouthed teenagers: "I want to say hi to every beautiful woman in Watertown." To a young couple with a newborn: "How old's your daughter? I see where she gets her red hair." A middle-aged couple, with the builds and visages of washing machines, marched by. "What's your name sir? And this must be one of your daughters." He caught an old woman, solo. "Isn't it time for a change?" "It's always time for a change. But you're young." "Thirty-four—four or five years younger than you." "Oh [smiling, giving it right back], you say that to all the girls." Of course he does—and they enjoy it.

Over lunch, McNamara surveyed his district, sifting it for shards of hope. The Democratic-Republican ratio is awful, though improving—5.6 to 1, down from 7.3 to 1 in August 1980. Carter outpolled Reagan less than 2 to 1. But Proposition 2½ carried this district. The perennial question for Massachusetts conservatives: How to get to them? McNamara stresses that it's time for a change, and pushes, as a believer, the "God-family-country-work-thrift-savings-f--- Communism, if you'll pardon my language, line"—a creed he hopes the district can be made to resent O'Neill for forgetting.

He has raised $500,000—one hundred times as much as O'Neill's last opponent—much of it from in-state, hardly any of it from PACs. He has no more illusions than are necessary. O'Neill is due for a last hurrah, whether by upset now, or retirement soon. "I can't lose. Plus, it's fun."

Two other liberal landmarks up for election in the Northeast this year belong to that vanishing breed, liberal Republicans. Let us take a trip down memory lane.

MILLICENT FENWICK's life makes a good read: immigrant family, seventeenth century; fox-hunts; 35-acre estate; mother, drowned on the *Lusitania*; father, Calvin Coolidge's ambassador to Spain; 19-year-old beauty falls in love with married man; marries him herself, and leaves nine years later; pays his debts, estate shrinks to 14 acres; models for *Harper's Bazaar*; works for *Vogue*; writes its etiquette book; smokes a pipe; age 64, goes to Congress.

But Millicent Hammond Fenwick is not running for a short story, but for senator from New Jersey.

Her positions on social issues recall, sometimes outdo, John Anderson's. Though she is a living example of its superfluity, she supported the ERA; she supports federal funds for abortions (even abortions for federal employees—the newest perk). She opposes tuition tax credits and thinks busing is a good idea. She is enthusiastic about the food-stamp program and down on school prayer. She does accept the need for capital punishment, though only for the murderers of prison guards.

Her cumulative record on defense is impressive. In seven years, she racked up 43 votes against 17 weapons systems, from the B-1 bomber and the neutron bomb, down to workaday destroyers and aircraft carriers.

She did vote for the 1981 defense appropriations in the final form, and for Reagan's tax and budget cuts. She supported the Dole-Reagan tax increases, which was probably easier to do, but voted to override the President's veto of the supplementary money bill. As a reward for this quasi-support, Reagan came to New Jersey to campaign for her in September. He allowed as how they sometimes disagreed, but "I know we can still sit down together" (they were sitting at a fund-raiser at the time). "I think you know," she said, "the President and I are not always in perfect accord, but we know this country needs a change of direction."

Mrs. Fenwick's liberalism flushed out a primary opponent, 38-year-old Jeffrey Bell. Bell was one of the early supply-siders, and in 1978, he had taken his fresh face and fresh ideas into the New Jersey senatorial primary against incumbent Clifford Case. Bell won an upset victory on the same day that California voters approved Proposition 13. In the general election, he lost to liberal basketball player Bill Bradley.

Bell was the supply-sider still, strongly supporting Reagan's tax and budget cuts and regulatory reforms, but focusing, this time out, on monetary policy—"the fourth leg of the economic chair." He called on Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve, to bring down interest rates—the conventional wisdom, shared by the White House, is that interest rates spring from deficits, not the policies of the Fed—and urged the adoption of a gold standard. This emphasis on interest rates, he says, is not something out of the blue; the supply-side school originated in a critique of Nixon's monetary policies in 1971. For the rest, he hit Mrs. Fenwick's social and defense positions, and proposed a trade boycott of the Soviet Union.

This time around, Bell did not have to come from nowhere. But coming from somewhere, he lacked the virtue of surprise. This time the liberal landmark beat him, with 54 per cent of the vote.

Bell thinks he was "greatly helped"

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—Philip S. Weld, *Boston Globe**

Witty, erudite, multifaceted,

perhaps one of the few great exponents of the English language, politically contentious...but mostly Buckley is fun. As a liberal—like most liberals—I wish Buckley were on our side...I was sorry when ATLANTIC HIGH ended. I wanted to be in that cockpit longer. I wanted to hear more of the arguments. I wanted to read more exquisite descriptions of the sea, his boat, his crew. If Buckley asked me to join him on his next cruise, I would accept with alacrity."

—John Haase, *Los Angeles Times Book Review*

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With photographs by Christopher Little.

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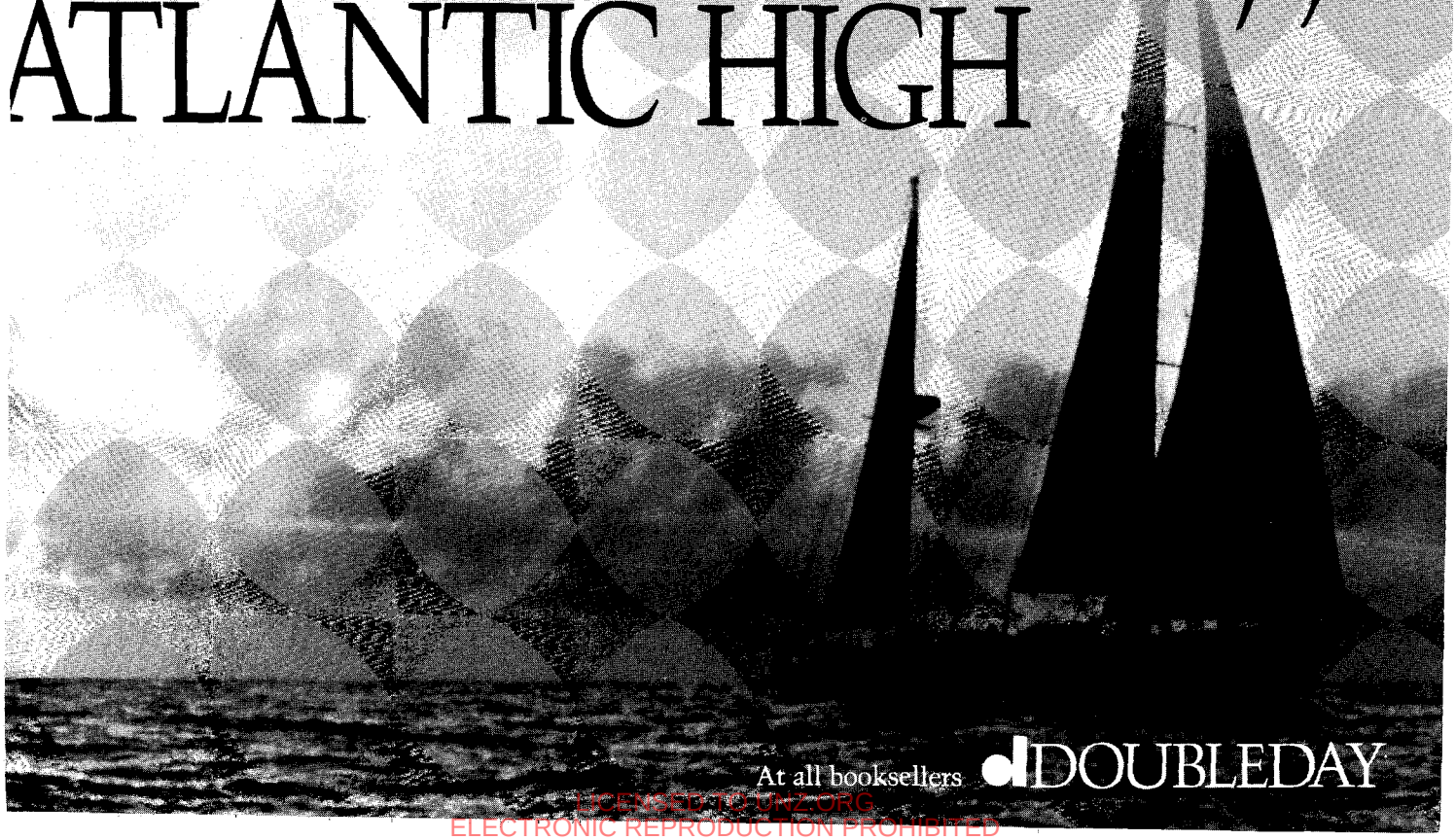
ATLANTIC HIGH



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by his association with Reagan, for whom he worked in 1976 and 1980. "I would have been helped more if the economy had been in better shape." Why isn't it? Reagan "ought to be influencing Volcker." How fare the supply-siders today? "We're doing very well on the tax issue. The key thing is the movement of the flat-rate tax onto the central stage of the debate." Lewis Lehrman, Bell offered, looking out of state, "is superb—the only guy I knew or read of who predicted the recession."

In November, Representative Fenwick will face Frank Lautenberg, a data-processing millionaire, who wants to cut defense spending and raise taxes. (No, he doesn't put it that way, but he would "defer" the third year of the tax cut.) "I'll be reminding the voters," he warns, "that she was happy to see Reagan."

LOWELL WEICKER, incumbent Republican senator from Connecticut, is about as liberal as Millicent Fenwick. But why is it that conservative Republicans dislike him so much more intensely?

David Barron, chairman of the national Young Republicans, went all the way up to Hartford at the beginning of this month to articulate that dislike. Branding Weicker as "out of touch" with "mainstream Republicans" and "mainstream America," Barron took the "unprecedented action" of endorsing a third-party candidate—Lucien DiFazio, the standard bearer of the Conservative Party of Connecticut.

When I asked DiFazio whether he was in the race to win or to prove a point, he thanked me for my courtesy in including victory as a hypothetical option. These were the words of a man who must have been getting an unrelieved barrage of rotten tomatoes from other reporters, and indeed, DiFazio's prospects make Frank McNamara's or Ray Shamie's look positively rosy. The DiFazio campaign was first broached in a 3:30 A.M. phone call the morning after Prescott Bush (brother of George) announced that he would not run against Weicker in the Republican primary. Bush cited a paucity of funds; the Republican state chairman, who had originally encouraged him to run, had also stabbed him in the back and come out for Weicker. There sprang from the brow of NCPAC Director Terry Dolan the Conservative's candidate, chosen over author Robin Moore (*Green Berets*) of Greenwich.

Will Republicans back DiFazio? Not in large numbers. His early poll ratings were about 5 per cent. But in a tight race that could provide Moffett's margin

Until 1974, DiFazio was a Democrat; he chaired McGovern's campaign in Hartford—uncomfortably, he says. He fell out with the Hartford machine the same time he got a twin intellectual impetus—repelling, from *The Greening of America* ("an apology for decadence"); attracting, from William Simon's *A Time to Choose*. "I began to see what the cause of inflation was: a philosophical framework that the New Deal was to have no end. Each new Congress would add new barnacles." He acknowledges "hues of distinction" still remaining between him and Reagan. He would increase defense spending more slowly, and he sees the need for an economic "mid-course correction." Yet he bills himself as the only candidate in Reagan's ballpark.

There is no question that he is correct. Representative Toby Moffett, the Democratic nominee, is young, vigorous, and 202-proof liberal. He was weaned by Walter Mondale and Ralph Nader, and his ADA ratings hover near perfection. And Weicker? Weicker, unfortunately, speaks for himself. On abortion: "the greatest non-issue in the country today" (strange that he should so bitterly contest a non-issue, but never mind). Cuba: "a legitimate non-aligned nation." Castro: he's "been known to snow people, but he didn't snow me." Reaganomics: "God help the United States of America if we have two more years like that." Reagan: "the moderates ought to offer an alternative" in 1984. Would Weicker back a Democrat? "It would depend on the candidate." It is not only what Lowell Weicker does, but the bellicose self-satisfaction with which he does it that makes conservatives chew the door jambs.

Will Connecticut Republicans back DiFazio? Not in large numbers. His early poll ratings were about 5 per cent; 10 per cent would be a strong showing. But in a tight race, that could provide Moffett's margin.

It would be fun to be writing for, say, *The New Republic* this election season. It would be the work of 15 minutes, 12 of them consumed by typing, to think up a thumbsucker on the ebbing fortunes of Reaganism. Conservative primary losses, especially those of moderate to conservative Democrats, would provide the grist: Ed Koch, boll-weevil Congressman James Santini of Nevada (beaten by liberal incumbent Senator Howard Cannon). The people sicken . . . the wheel turns . . . a welcome rebuke of ideology. . . .

But then would come the election. The Republicans will lose, because it is an off-year; but they will lose less than the average, because first term off-years are never particularly deadly (compare 1934, 1954, 1962, and 1970 with the elections held four years later). They will keep control of the Senate, even without Lowell Weicker, and drop twenty seats in the House.

The Democratic Party, meanwhile, without an original thought to call its own, will rally round the old, old flag. Dissenters are even now being pitched overboard. And come 1984, McGovernism will ride again. Enjoy. □

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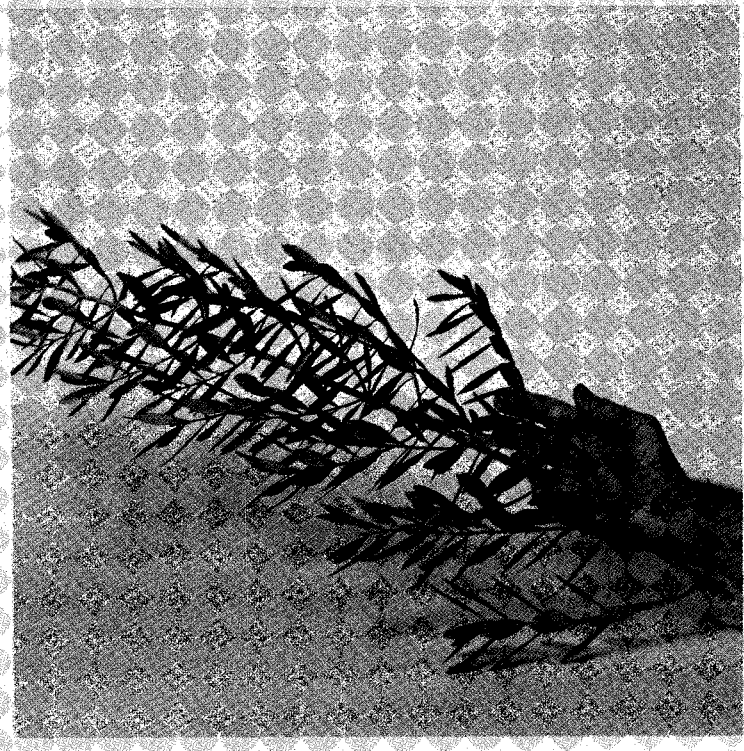

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help !!!!

Declines and Falls

Reviewing Gibbon as I do
While falling leaves invade the flue,
I'm struck again that far from home
Few spoke in Latin or of Rome,
Preferring to be politic
With Visigoth and Alaric.
Our immigration policy
Portends our own 410 A.D.

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Clem Rothco

"Let's face it, Tom . . . the stock market loses something in translation!"

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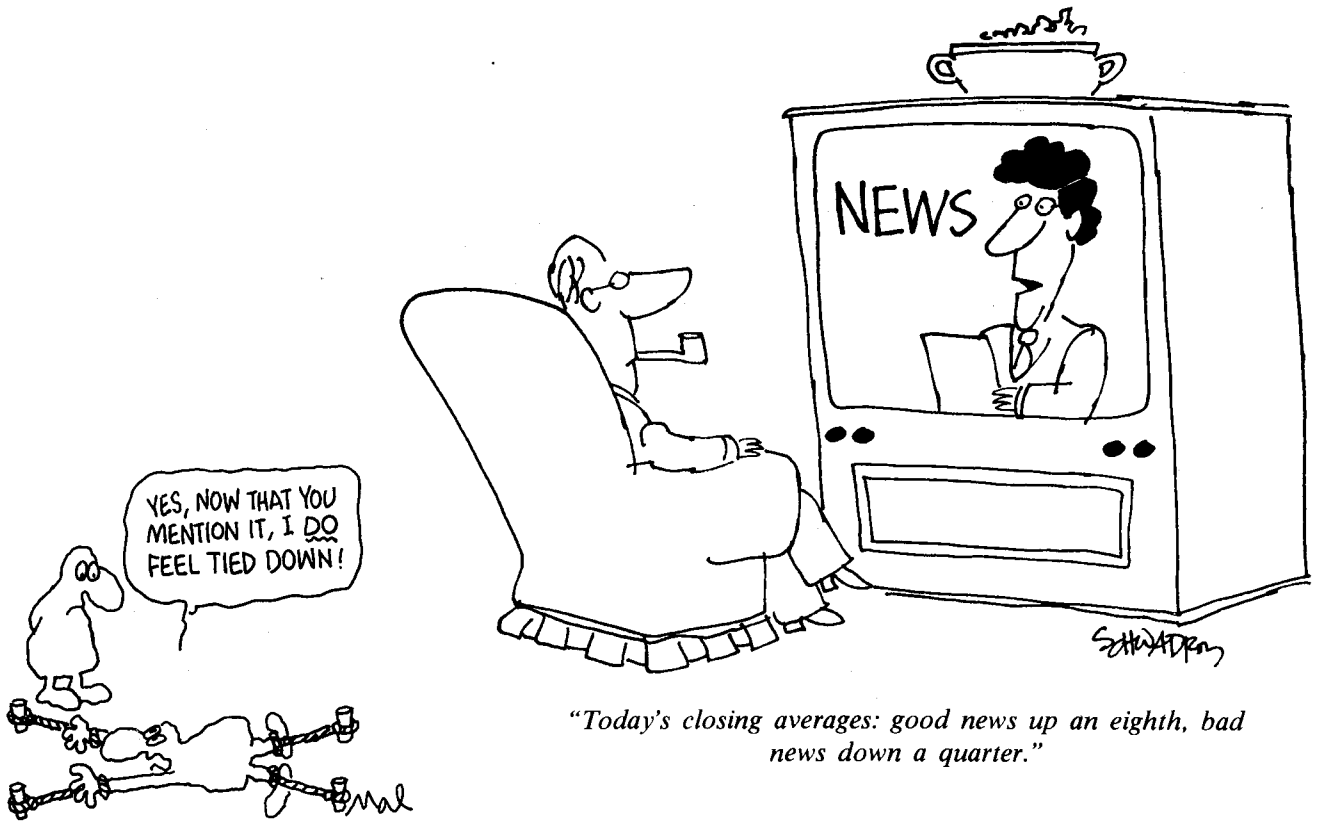
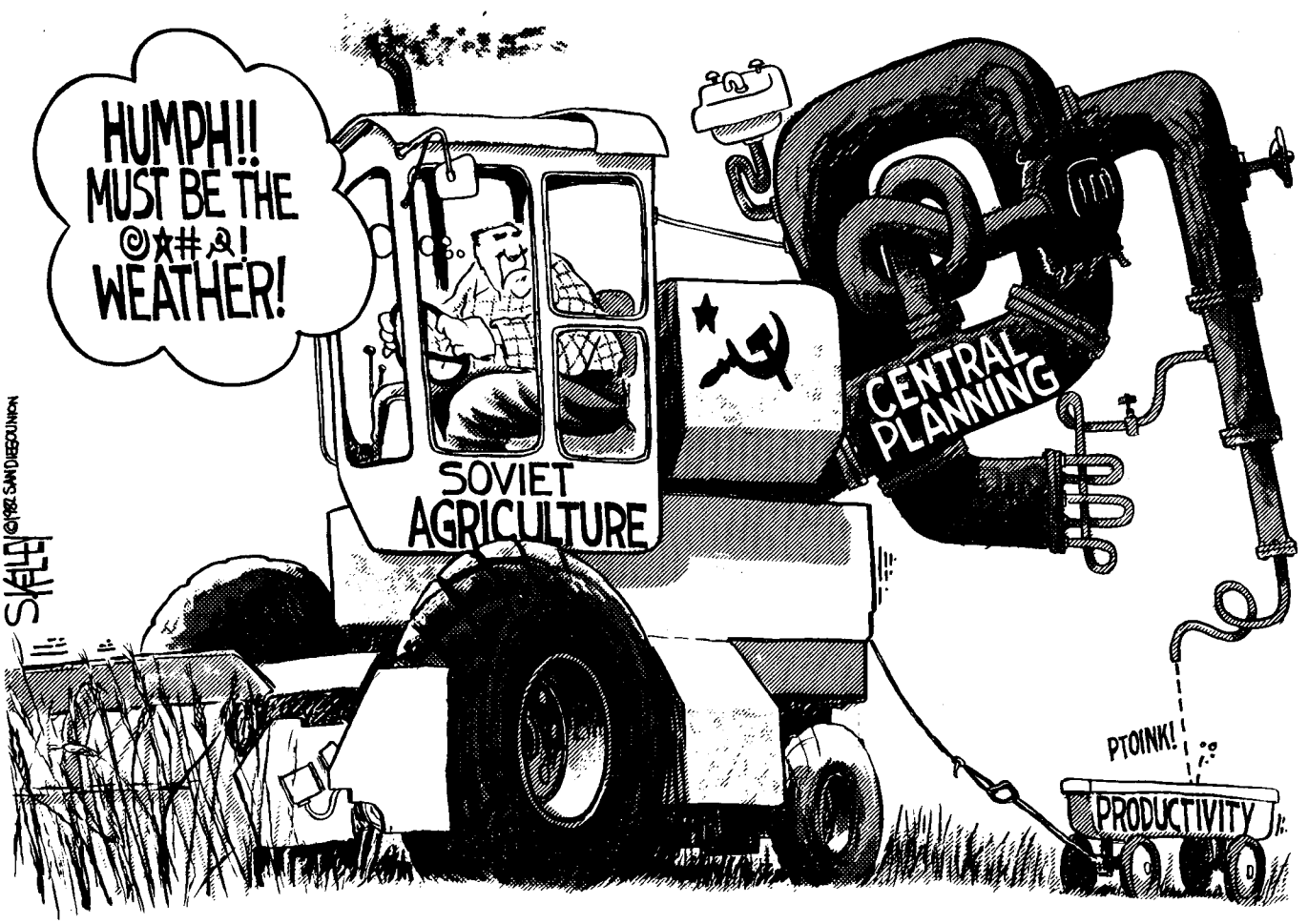


"Today's closing averages: good news up an eighth, bad news down a quarter."



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ALABAMA AUTUMN

A Season for Elephants

VICTOR GOLD

As applied in Alabama for nearly a quarter-century, the separation-of-powers doctrine requires that the secular leader, called Governor, walk wide of the prerogatives of the spiritual leader, called Coach. A trade-off is implicit: so long as the legendary George Wallace doesn't meddle in the operation of the University of Alabama's football team, the legendary "Bear" Bryant won't run for Governor.

The debit, of course, lies on the secular side of the ledger. In the 24 years since both legends appeared on the state scene—Wallace as an enduring candidate for governor, Bryant as a molder of young character at Tuscaloosa—the Alabama commonwealth has fared poorly in its competition with sister states of the Sunbelt, while the Alabama Crimson Tide—a/k/a the Red Elephants—has won six national championships, played in 23 consecutive post-season bowls, and earned its coach the distinction, formerly held by Amos Alonzo Stagg, of being the most prodigious winner in college football history.

The Bear Delivers

Bryant, in short, has satisfied the deepest yearning of the Southern psyche: he has made the rest of the country sit up and take notice. This is all that Alabamans could hope for from their football coach; and, for that matter, all they got from their governor during the turbulent Sixties and Seventies, when either Wallace or his late wife, Lurleen, acting as his surrogate, was running the state.

Indeed, it was his promise to make the rest of the country take notice—by standing in the schoolhouse door, then running for President four times—that earned Wallace three terms as governor, not including Lurleen's. Thus, though crippled by a would-be assassin's bullet ten years ago, he has managed to dominate Alabama politics, even in temporary retirement; just as Bryant has maintained his Elephants' hegemony over the Southeastern Conference, despite the coming of young new coaches at rival schools.

Yet times have changed and the Coach, at age 69, seems to sense it. There is a touch of mellowness in his Bear's growl these days, enough to lead true believers to wonder whether the old man might not hang it up after, say, one more national championship. For Wallace, now 63 and seeking a fourth term, the change is even more startling. Partially deaf, his sight impaired, he tries to dispel doubts about his capacity to lead by telling audiences that "FDR was elected President four times, paralyzed in the legs. Problem in this country is too many politicians in Washington, D.C., paralyzed in the head."

The words are those of the Wallace of past campaigns, yet the salt has gone —drained by advancing years and the ordeal of physical pain. Gone, too, is the façade of conservatism used by the Old Wallace of presidential-campaigning days, the candidate who ran, so he claimed, to "bounce radar beams off the heads of the Washington liberals." Instead, Alabamans are hearing—as lifetime Wallaceologists view it—the Original, *real* Wallace: populist, railer against "rich Republicans," country cousin of Jimmy Carter and other regional practitioners of the visceral politics of class war.

But the biggest change of all is not, as the national press would have it, that Wallace won his party's gubernatorial primary by offering himself to black voters as "a born-again politician with repentant racial views." In recent years, the pragmatic switch from segregationist-to-accommodationist is routine in the states of the former Confederacy. Rather, the truly significant change has to do with the timing of this year's campaign for secular leadership in Alabama.

Once, in Wallace's younger days, the separation of spirit and state was seasonal as well as doctrinal. From February through May, there was the governor's race, *i.e.*, the Democratic primary, with only the slight distraction of spring football practice. Then, from September through November, came Bryant's season, with only the slight distraction of a general election that featured the Democratic governor-apparent running against token Republican opposition.

Such was the synchrony of gubernatorial politics in Alabama when the habit of voting generations was simply to scratch the rooster—symbol of a straight-ticket vote for the Democratic Party—and scorn the elephant. But no more: this year Wallace, having narrowly won an early autumn primary runoff, is faced with the most formidable Republican bid for the governorship in modern times. His opponent, Mayor Emory Folmar of Montgomery, is a 52-year-old ex-Marine with a take-charge approach to campaigning that leans heavily on such issues as crime (as mayor he cracked down on drug and porno traffic) and his plan to recruit "high-tech industries" to Alabama, hard hit by a declining economy.

Rights of Skin

Echoing the Reagan campaign theme, Folmar asks his audiences, "What kind of leadership does Alabama need in the Eighties? Do we want to look forward or backward?" Gibing at Wallace's past record, he adds: "I was considered a liberal in the Sixties. I believed nobody should be denied any rights because of the color of his skin."

"Feisty" is the way the *Alabama News* describes Folmar's campaign style. The Montgomery mayor will need more than style to change traditional Democratic voting patterns, however. Coalition support has already come from Alabama House Speaker Joe McCorquodale, one of Wallace's Democratic primary opponents. Persistent rumor also has it that before game time November 2, the outgoing governor, Fob James, will cross the field to endorse Folmar's candidacy.

"It's all uphill in the rain," says Alabama graduate Folmar of the effort to become his state's first Republican governor, "but it's winnable."

Spoken like a true Alabama believer. The Coach, though his mind is on the fate of other Elephants, this as every autumn, couldn't have said it better. □

Mr. Gold is a Washington writer and a lifelong fan of Alabama politics and football.

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CHARLES R. KESLER

JEANE KIRKPATRICK *Not Quite Right*

IDEOLOGY VII

ALTHOUGH I AM an admirer of hers, I must take exception to UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick's remarks on human rights and foreign policy ["Why Not Abolish Ignorance?," July 9]. Ambassador Kirkpatrick has few rivals as a pugnacious defender of America, but it was peculiarly distressing to see her comments—in the Independence Day issue of NATIONAL REVIEW—culminate in an appeal to "our concrete rights as Englishmen." If George Washington were alive to hear this, he would, as Gerald Ford might say, be spinning in his grave.

It is not the Ambassador alone, of course, but neoconservatives in general, and, I'm afraid, a growing number of conservatives, who find it hard to come to terms with the American Revolution, with the fact that America separated itself from Great Britain. Anglophilia—not especially noticeable in Mrs. Kirkpatrick—has something to do with it, but the greater stumbling block is that expression of abstract principle embedded in the heart of the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal," and the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that follow from it. Neoconservatives distrust this venerable doctrine because in our day it seems to have been decisively co-opted by the Left, which is capable of spinning out "rights" by the tens of hundreds from the trinity in the Declaration, manufacturing false gods faster than anyone since the children of Israel saw Moses go up to the mountain.

The proliferation of "rights" well suits the purposes of the Left, creating opportunities for state action at every turn and vitiating the moral, intellectual, and political claims of the past—which looks increasingly tawdry, and even sick, in the harsh light of these relentless demands. Indeed, the United Nations has taken upon itself the duty of inventing and codifying new "rights" at regular intervals, the better to mortify the West, as Mrs. Kirkpatrick herself explains. One can be sure that a treaty for the nonproliferation of human "rights" will never be approved by the UN, despite the consideration that the multiplication of "rights" may prove more dangerous to the Free World than the spread of nuclear weapons.

Now, Ambassador Kirkpatrick offers four distinctions that are meant to qualify how we think about human rights and foreign policy. In other words, she wishes to distinguish a proper human-rights policy from the Carter Administration's human-rights policy. I think we all agree that the Carter policy is a bad boy that ought to be whipped. But I believe there is a serious question in Mrs. Kirkpatrick's mind whether there really is *any other kind* of human-rights policy: whether Carter's policy, however exaggerated or grandiloquent, did not in its very exaggerations reveal the dangerous moralism inherent in the whole idea of human rights. In short, whereas I think the Carter policy ought to be whipped because it is bad, Mrs. Kirkpatrick seems to believe it should be whipped because it is . . . a boy. Or, to put it another way, she confuses human "rights" with human rights, the counterfeit paper note, printed to embarrass the West, with the genuine article, mined from the ancient and inexhaustible riches of the Western tradition.

Let us, then, put her four distinctions to the test and see exactly where she stands on this question of human rights. She prefaces her discussion with a general statement that she was a critic of Jimmy Carter for thinking that human-rights policy is "co-terminous with the promotion of democratic government and of all good things in the world." In one sense, this criticism is certainly true: words alone, even the words of the President of the United States, will not call forth democratic governments where none has existed before —that would be sophism, in the original sense of the term. But human-rights policy, properly conceived, does promote democratic government in the world, else it has not *finis ultimus*. Rightly understood, human-rights policy is (I shall argue) our answer to the question that Lincoln posed so precisely in 1863: whether this "nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

Take Mrs. Kirkpatrick's first distinction, between ideas and institutions. She emphasizes the changeable, willful nature of the idea of rights—"we can claim any right we can think of"—in contrast to the abiding, intractable character of institutions, concluding that "declarations of rights" do not have "existential status" and that they cannot constitute "valid, practical programs of action." But what sort of "existential status" are rights supposed to have? Unless she means to say that all rights are positive rights—in which case she does not believe in human rights at all—then some rights do have an existential status appertaining to man's nature. Human rights are natural rights—inalienable rights, to use the language of the Declaration: aspects of man's proper existence. To be sure, this doesn't mean that man's natural rights are self-executing or self-fulfilling. That was the error

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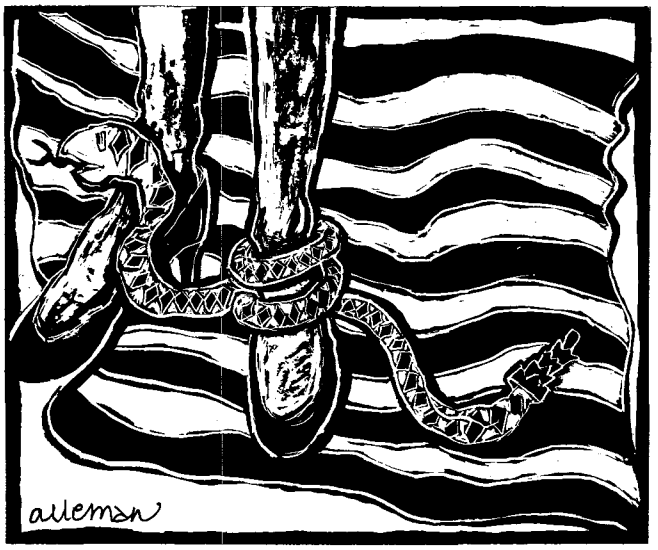
gorgeously elaborated upon by William Graham Sumner, who wrote that if men had natural rights then "there would be something on earth which was not for nothing, and this world would not be the place it is at all. Before the tribunal of nature," he fulminated, "a man has no more right to life than a rattlesnake; he has no more right to liberty than any wild beast; his right to the pursuit of happiness is nothing but a license to maintain the struggle for existence, if he can find within himself the powers with which to do it."

If this is Mrs. Kirkpatrick's understanding, then she is unfamiliar with the meaning, and the problem, of natural right in the philosophical tradition. Natural right is a standard found out by reason, inhering in the distinctions between different natures (say, between that of a dog and a man), and pertaining to men's living rightly and well with each other. It provides, to quote Lincoln again, "a standard maxim for a free society, which should be familiar to all, and revered by all; constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and therefore constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people of all colors everywhere." The power to execute these rights of nature rests with men, and the necessity that they be executed in common occasions the rise of government. Far from there being a radical separation between ideas and institutions, the idea of inalienable rights, together with the duty to live in accordance with them, implies that governments be instituted, by the consent of the governed, to secure these rights. Ideas inform institutions, and the idea of natural right expressed in the Declaration informs the institutions established in the Constitution (about which more anon).

In foreign affairs, then, the place of "human-rights policy" is therefore not properly confined to an office or bureau charged with collecting information on rights violations the world over, and ranking the nations according to their sins. Our foreign policy *is* our human-rights policy: it is democratic statesmanship devoted to the safety and honor of America and our allies, and hence devoted to the cause that we embody. For example: In fighting World War II, we did not have a "human-rights policy" per se, because one was not needed. Defeating the Axis powers and planting democracy in their ashes was the only sort of human-rights policy possible or desirable. In constructing NATO and our other regional alliances, we were again seeking to perpetuate the rights of man in the face of a sinister enemy stronger even than Nazi Germany and Japan. Through all the years of the Vietnam War, we sought to check the spread of that same empire, devoted then, as now, to the extinction of the rights of humanity in the name of the rights of Communist man.

In none of these actions was a knowledge of the number of political prisoners, the level of emigration, or the finances

Without looking at human nature as the basis of rights, there is no way to distinguish between goals and rights



of the ruling family—the contemporary human-rights indices—a substitute for the practical wisdom that knew the character of its friends and enemies, and hence the course of action, or words of praise and blame, proper under a given set of circumstances. Which suggests that the contemporary apprehension over human rights, whether the warm solicitude of Jimmy Carter or the cool reserve of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, is symptomatic of a deeper disorder of the body politic. Unsure of our national purpose, doubting that our existence as a people engages us in a continuing moral enterprise, we suffer distemperatures—the fevers of idealism, the chills of realism. We have lost the blush of health and the repose that come from the confidence that America is a force for good in the world.

Instead, we feel compelled to ideologize, to reach outside our own tradition of statesmanship and political thought to either the Burkeanism (tinged with Machiavellianism) of Mrs. Kirkpatrick or the Kantianism of Jimmy Carter. One should bear in mind the most telling fact about Mr. Carter's human-rights policy, that it originated in his opposition to the war in Vietnam, which he regarded as the logical outcome of the immoral Realpolitik of Nixon and Kissinger. Carter's policy emerged, in short, out of a Kantian revulsion to what seemed to him an immoral attachment to our own interests, combined with a fundamental misunderstanding of the moral stakes that he accused Nixon and Kissinger of ignoring. Because Carter did not understand Communism to be the principal enemy of human rights—because he understood neither Communism nor human rights—he misdirected his idealism at those repressive regimes that history had clearly passed by—Nicaragua, South Africa, etc., as Mrs. Kirkpatrick has elsewhere brilliantly shown. By so doing, he grounded his notion of human rights not in *nature* but in *history*, edging closer to the Communist view of the matter, which is: Work, for the Revolution cometh, when the realm of necessity, of "bourgeois rights," will be no more, and when the realm of perfect human freedom, hence of true human rights, will begin.

But Mrs. Kirkpatrick herself turns away from nature to find the meaning of human rights: "If we take the cure of history," she declares, "we will . . . discover something about the very essence of freedom and the very essence of human rights." She prefers to find the essence of freedom in history because nature looms as a universal, rationalistic stand-

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ard—the sort of rhetorical torch that can set traditions and institutions ablaze; yet it is precisely the abandonment of nature that stultifies her second distinction between rights and goals. She has nothing to say here—can have nothing to say—except to deplore that in our day every goal becomes a right. Leisure, work, privacy, education, etc., etc., etc. Her lack of metaphysics is self-defeating: without looking at human nature as the basis of rights, there is no way to distinguish between goals and rights, means and ends. Either everything is a right, or nothing is. Either necessity or scarcity can one day be conquered and all of our wants or goals satisfied; or necessity must inevitably conquer and possess us. The middle way is possible only if our freedom is bounded and supported by a natural order, which allows us to discriminate between ends that are fixed—life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness—and the infinite, conflicting means of satisfying those ends ("goals") that are subject to deliberation.

What takes the place of a consideration of human nature is the distinction between intentions and consequences, her third point. Mrs. Kirkpatrick questions whether a morality in which the motive of an act is more important than its consequences—the morality of a "political purist" like Jimmy Carter—is at home in foreign policy. "It feels good to feel good" about yourself, but that is not a definition of foreign policy, unless Werner Erhard is Henry Kissinger. What Mrs. Kirkpatrick proposes, however, is not a return to the traditional (Aristotelian) account of morality as comprising both motives and consequences, but simply a renewed emphasis on consequences.

"The end of a foreign policy should be to produce positive consequences for the potential beneficiary," she writes. Whether that beneficiary be the United States or the Soviet Union—this formula provides no standard by which to distinguish moral from immoral results. As a practical matter, it cannot tell us why our interests should be preferred to those of someone else, much less why they should be worth fighting, perhaps dying, for.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's final distinction is between "personal morality" and "political morality," between the character or "personal virtues" of individuals and "the juxtaposition and interrelation of parts of a society." Her claim is nothing less than that personal virtues are in the decisive respect politically irrelevant: "All the important political goods—democracy, due process, protection of rights to free speech, assembly—are . . . the consequences of a wisely structured constitution."

For the distinctive understanding of "political morality" she credits Plato, and for the discovery of the significance of constitutionalism, Aristotle; but the doctrines attributed to them convey only the dimmest outlines of Plato and Aristotle's lessons. I doubt that anyone who has seriously studied *The Republic* would say that it strives to teach that "the interrelation of parts of society" is the decisive political phenomenon. Nor can Aristotle's examination of constitutions be grasped apart from the realization that a constitution (*politeia*) is the form of a city (*polis*): it is that animating and distinctive spirit which lies behind the laws and institutions of a political community. It is what (chiefly) makes the city what it is.

From the Aristotelian point of view, it would thus be more proper to regard the American Constitution as the principle governing the arrangement of offices, honors, and powers

The American dedication to human rights forms the crown of our nationhood, the reason for our being

spelled out in the written document, in the Constitution as we know it. And that principle is "that all men are created equal," which alone makes intelligible the wise mechanisms of the Constitution, designed so to restrain, interest, and educate the popular will as to make of it a true public will; for the Constitution is an instrument meant to serve and secure the comprehensive justice arising from the truth of human equality; vouchsafed to our nation to reconcile the consent of the governed (one conclusion from human equality) with equal rights and the rule of law (the other necessary conclusion). Granted, our rights are, in a sense, "embodied in institutions," but they have an existence and authority altogether prior to those institutions. Again, "all the important political goods" may be secured in our "wisely structured constitution," but they are not good for that reason. The goodness of democracy and equal rights is existentially prior to any political arrangements invented to secure their blessings, and the goodness of the Constitution can only be seen in light of its ends.

Where does that leave us? If all political goods are not good by virtue of being constitutionalized, then "political morality" cannot be divorced from pre-political or extra-political morality—from "personal morality." After all, there must be "personal morality" at work among the founders of a political order, since it is they who establish the order's political orthodoxy. The very idea of *statesmanship* requires that Mrs. Kirkpatrick's categories be crossed, *a fortiori* in the case of him who presided over our great Civil War, made necessary to save the Constitution itself from the contradictory presence of slavery in a regime of freedom.

The "cure of history" that Mrs. Kirkpatrick prescribes to clarify our thinking on human rights is not the "cure of reality" that we need, for it ignores the reality of the idea of human rights. Human rights spring from the reality of human nature itself, from the conclusion that men ought not to treat their fellow men as if they were dogs, or swine, or, for that matter, angels. And the American dedication to human rights forms the crown of our nationhood, the reason for our being.

But conservatives will not understand that, and will not profit by it, until we rejoice in the fact that American freedom is based both on "the marvelous and inspiring slogans of a Thomas Paine," which Mrs. Kirkpatrick deprecates, and on "the careful web of restraints, of permission, of interests, of traditions woven by the Founding Fathers into the Constitution . . . ," which she celebrates. Laying the foundations of our rights in the sinking sand of history, whether backward-looking (Mrs. Kirkpatrick) or forward-looking (Jimmy Carter), will not restore the self-confidence —and self-respect—that America requires to fulfill its mission in the world. Our rights must be anchored in eternal justice itself if, as Thomas Paine said, the cause of America is to be in large measure the cause of all mankind. □

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NUCLEAR THEOLOGY

The Bishops and the Bomb

ANTHONY P. X. BOTHWELL

THE AMERICAN Catholic bishops are moving toward issuance of a pastoral letter that would forbid Catholic military personnel to carry out specific aspects of U.S. nuclear defense policy. This new commandment, requiring Catholics to disobey certain lawful orders, is a key point in the 66-page letter drafted by a task force led by Archbishop Joseph L. Bernadin, who was recently named to replace the late Cardinal Cody in Chicago. The document has been circulated for review by the 357 bishops and by the Vatican. If adopted as a pastoral letter, it would be a formal exercise of the Church's teaching authority, binding on Catholics. To some extent, it would replace the option of conscientious objection with a new concept—mandated objection. It would forbid American Catholic servicemen to take part in first use of nuclear arms or to participate in any surgical strike posing significant risk to nearby civilian populations.

Act of Vengeance

The proposed letter says retaliatory action in a full nuclear exchange—"striking enemy cities after our own have already been struck"—would be an "act of vengeance." And that "no Christian can rightfully carry out orders or policies deliberately aimed at killing noncombatants." It adds that Catholics are barred from taking part in any use of tactical or strategic nuclear weapons apt to kill civilians—even in response to an all-out Soviet nuclear attack. And it says Catholics are barred from any use of nuclear arms in response to an invasion of Western Europe, or any other territory, by conventional forces—even if civilian deaths could be avoided.

The draft says Catholics "clearly" are "forbidden," under virtually all conceivable circumstances, not only the use of nuclear weapons but also the contingent intent to use them that is inherent in deterrence.

"Catholic military personnel must observe these prohibitions [on the deliberate use of weapons against civilian populations]."

As a military intelligence officer during the Vietnam conflict, I, a Catholic, became a selective conscientious objector, challenging within the system certain activities that violated both civil and moral law. There are some circumstances in which protest is the patriotic and the right thing to do. But I believe that the bishops' proposed letter goes too far.

If issued without substantive revision, the pastoral letter would be unprecedented in two important ways:

1. It would be the first time in U.S. history that a major church told its members in the military service to refuse to obey orders related to essential national defense policy.

2. It would be the first time since the Crusades that high-level Catholic Church authorities tried to override individual conscience and dictate specific courses of action to members of the armed forces.

If the bishops go through with this step, U.S. leaders will have to be ready with answers to several questions: To what extent will Catholics in the service be likely to obey the bishops instead of the generals? What procedure can the military use to decide whether an individual Catholic is suitable for a nuclear defense assignment? To what extent will Soviet leaders expect Catholics in U.S. strategic posts to obey the bishops?

Although the Pentagon says data on religious affiliation of service personnel are "not compiled," the proportion of Catholics in the military probably parallels fairly closely that in the U.S. population, which is slightly more than 22 per cent.

While not invoking it "at this time," the bishops' unpublished draft also presumes that the Church has authority to require Catholics who manufacture nuclear weapons to leave such employment: "Should we become convinced that even the temporary possession of such weapons may no longer be morally tolerated, we would logically be required to consider immoral any involvement in their manufacture."

The document says use of nuclear arms "might" be "marginally justifiable" in response to a nuclear attack—if confined to surgical strikes against military targets, without "significant" risk to civilians. That unlikely scenario, according to the authors, is the only thing now allowing "temporary toleration" of the entire U.S. nuclear arsenal.

In other passages, the draft says nuclear weapons are "probably permanent," and urges consideration of "nonviolent resistance" in event of armed aggression. It adds that, if hopes for global disarmament fail, the Church "almost certainly" will demand a "unilateral" U.S. nuclear stripdown. It says that, while this "might invite an attack," it might, on the other hand, lead to "more constructive means of achieving security."

The Bully Pulpit

The Bernadin task force asks readers to look at the "interlocking" fabric of the entire document, which also includes a call for the United States to increase defense spending to support a buildup of conventional forces. But this does not excuse the authors' attempt to use Church authority to order Catholic service personnel to impede our national defense policy.

Nowhere in the 66 pages is there a direct reference to the traditional Catholic teaching on church-state separation and individual conscience, although the bishops make the point that on questions of war and peace, the Church has an obligation to provide its members with the help they need in forming their consciences. "We reject, therefore, criticism of the Church's concern with these issues on the ground that it 'should not become involved in politics.' We are called to move from discussion to witness and action."

It is hard to believe that the Holy Spirit would allow the bishops to continue on a course that would abandon church tradition and could increase the peril to Judeo-Christian civilization. □

Mr. Bothwell is a former Associated Press editor and a corporate public affairs officer in Madison, Wisc.

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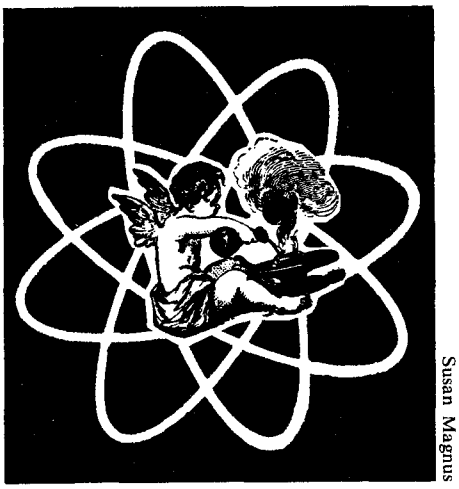
ANOTHER FAIRY TALE

The most effective way to safeguard the nation is not to sign treaties vowing never to use nuclear weapons first, but to create a defense that will destroy incoming missiles and to install a system of civil defense

Forswearing a First Nuclear Strike

LAURENCE W. BEILENSON

IT IS MARCH 1918; the German army is at the Bolsheviks' gates. Arguing against ratification of the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty, N. I. Bukharin maintains that an imminent German revolution will rescue the Bolsheviks. "I quite understand children liking beautiful fairy tales," V. I. Lenin retorts. "But I ask, is it becoming for a serious revolutionary leader to believe in fairy tales?"



Susan Magnus

It is April 1982; warnings fill the air about the real and ever-present danger of nuclear war and the horrendous death toll it would inflict. George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, and Gerard Smith, four distinguished American elder statesmen, publish as the lead article in *Foreign Affairs*, the prestigious journal of the American foreign-policy establishment, an essay entitled "Nuclear Weapons and the Atlantic Alliance." They herald their brainchild at a press conference intended to rouse the nation to adopt their momentous new policy for preventing nuclear war, which is: The United States, joined by the other members of the North Atlantic Alliance, will make a public declaration forswearing a first nuclear strike. Since the Soviet Union previously has offered to make a joint declaration to the same effect, the United States will make a parallel declaration.

The declarations, the four say, will go a long way toward averting nuclear war. At which point their countrymen have every right to ask: Is it becoming for elder statesmen to believe in fairy tales?

If the declaration were unilateral, it would have no legal effect. Parallel declarations, however, constitute an informal treaty. To give the proposal the utmost credence it could bear, let it be granted that appropriate steps would be taken to translate the parallel declarations into a formal treaty between the USSR and all the members of the North Atlantic Alliance pledging no first use of nuclear weapons.

Charles de Gaulle stated the first rule derived from the history of treaties with his customary elegance: "Treaties are like young women and roses. They last as long as they last. Alas, how many young girls have I seen die." He knew that the historical pattern leaves not a shadow of doubt that all nations regularly break their political treaties.

Our Founding Fathers, who read history with discernment, were not a trusting lot. When John Jay and his fellow commissioners were preparing to break our alliance treaty with France, Jay said "he would not give a farthing for any parchment security whatever. They have never signified anything since the world began, when any prince or state, of either side, found it convenient to break through them."

Alexander Hamilton wrote (*The Federalist*, No. 15):

> In the early part of the present century there was an epidemical rage in Europe for this species of compacts [alliance treaties], from which the politicians of the times fondly hoped for benefits which were never realized. With a view to establishing the equilibrium of power and the peace of that part of the world . . . triple and quadruple alliances were formed; but they were scarcely formed before they were broken, giving an instructive but afflicting lesson to mankind how little dependence is to be placed on treaties which have no other sanction than the obligations of good faith, and which oppose general considerations of peace and justice to the impulse of any immediate interest or passion.

Notwithstanding this wretched history of treachery and breach, some types of treaties—including alliance treaties and temporary settlement treaties—have exhibited some efficacy. The distinguished four, however, have chosen as the instrument of our salvation a type of treaty without a single redeeming feature: a nonaggression pact. Even worse, it is a nonaggression pact limited to a specific weapon, a treaty that is supposed to restrain the parties from using their most effective weapon even if their passions are sufficiently inflamed so that they go to war against each other.

A nonaggression treaty is already in force between the USSR and all the nations of the North Atlantic Alliance, including the United States: the Charter of the United Na-

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Mr. Beilenson is the author of, among other books, The Treaty Trap, *which relates the history of the performance and breach of political treaties, with copious references. President Reagan praised the book in his May 1981 address at West Point.*

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tions. Article II forbids "the threat or use of force" by any Member "against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state." The Charter is, then, a treaty against the first use of war. This provision has been violated again and again ever since the Charter was adopted. The United States broke the Charter twice during the Kennedy Administration, in which all four men are proud to have served: 1) by the 1961 Bay of Pigs expedition, which also broke a number of other treaties; 2) by our naval blockade of Cuba during the 1962 missile crisis. The USSR broke the Charter and a number of other treaties by its invasion of Hungary (1956), of Czechoslovakia (1968), and of Afghanistan (1979).

It is no answer to say that the USSR has an interest in not breaking the no-first-nuclear-use declaration because it fears the nuclear consequences to it of doing so. This is true now without the declaration; it is called deterrence.

Since under the proposed treaty *all* parties would pledge no *first* use of nuclear weapons, it necessarily follows that the treaty could be broken at the moment there was *any* use. Thus, the treaty attempts to outlaw nuclear weapons in any war between the USSR and any member of the North Atlantic Alliance.

The statesmen of the "civilized world," including the United States and the USSR, went further in 1928; they executed a treaty outlawing war. By the Pact of Paris, sixty nations, including all those who were to fight World War II, renounced "recourse to war" and agreed that "the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin . . . shall never be sought except by pacific means."

The Pact, a reaction to the butchery of World War I, did not restrain World War II. Nor did a bundle of 1925 nonaggression treaties among Germany, France, Britain, Belgium, Italy, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, grouped under the name of the treaties of Locarno. Upon their execution, Aristide Briand, the French foreign minister, announced with solemn sincerity: "We have done with the long period of terrible and sanguinary conflicts that have stained the pages of history."

Germany and Italy broke numerous treaties during World War II, but the dates of making and of breaking Germany's nonaggression treaties with three of its intended prey will perhaps ring a bell of warning: Poland—1934 made, 1939 broken; Denmark—1939 made, 1940 broken; USSR—1939 made, 1941 broken.

Closer to home, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria each had a conciliation treaty with the United States still in force in 1941, which provided for an international commission created by the treaty to investigate "any disputes . . . of whatever nature" between the parties and to make a report within a year. The treaty further stipulated: "The . . . Parties agree not to declare war or begin hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted." Without following the stipulations in the treaty, Germany, Italy, and Hungary declared war on the United States four days after Pearl Harbor; Rumania and Bulgaria quickly followed.

The USSR broke the Pact of Paris renouncing war, the Covenant of the League of Nations to keep the peace, and a host of other treaties, but the pact to remember is the 1933 collective nonaggression treaty that the USSR signed with Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Finland, Poland, Rumania, Iran, Turkey, and Afghanistan. The pact's definition of aggression and its negation of excuses for aggression were the broadest and most detailed ever framed. In addition, the USSR had bilateral nonaggression treaties with most of the parties to the collective agreement. The USSR during World War II violated the treaties with every country that was a party to the collective treaty save Afghanistan. The USSR cured that omission in 1979.

Although from the days of Sparta and Athens monarchies and democracies alike regularly have broken their promises, they have done so while piously claiming to have lived up to their treaty obligations. The country with which the four elder statesmen ask us to exchange new pledges has one distinction. Only the Soviet Union and other Communist-ruled countries follow a basic doctrine that considers unethical conduct and treaty-breaking positive virtues if they advance the cause of Communism. Leonid I. Brezhnev declared in his 1976 report to the 25th Congress of the USSR's Communist Party: "We may recall Lenin's words that in our society all is moral that serves the interest of building Communism." Referring to the Brest-Litovsk treaty, Lenin said:

> Yes, of course, we are violating the treaty; we have violated it thirty or forty times. . . . In Tilsit, Napoleon compelled the Germans to accept disgraceful peace terms. . . . Napoleon hunted the Germans for violating the peace treaty, and the present [Napoleon] will hunt us for the same reason. Only we shall take care that he does not catch us soon.

By comparing the style of the article written by the distinguished four with Kennan's *The Cloud of Danger* (1977), we conclude that it is probable that Kennan wrote most of the article. It is unnecessary, however, to guess about the provenance of the article's proposal. Kennan made exactly the same proposal in his 1977 book. Two samples from it indicate its tone: "The activities of the military in peacetime consist, after all, of playing with a great many expensive toys. . . . We have to treat our European friends as a species of psychiatric patient with hallucinations."

He devotes many pages to showing the peaceful intentions of the Soviet leaders, especially Brezhnev, who, Kennan assures us, doesn't want war. Among Kennan's reasons: The leadership is experienced and old. Old men, he tells us, do not risk "adventuristic policies."

Only the Soviet Union and other Communist-ruled countries follow a basic doctrine that considers unethical conduct and treaty-breaking positive virtues if they advance the cause of Communism

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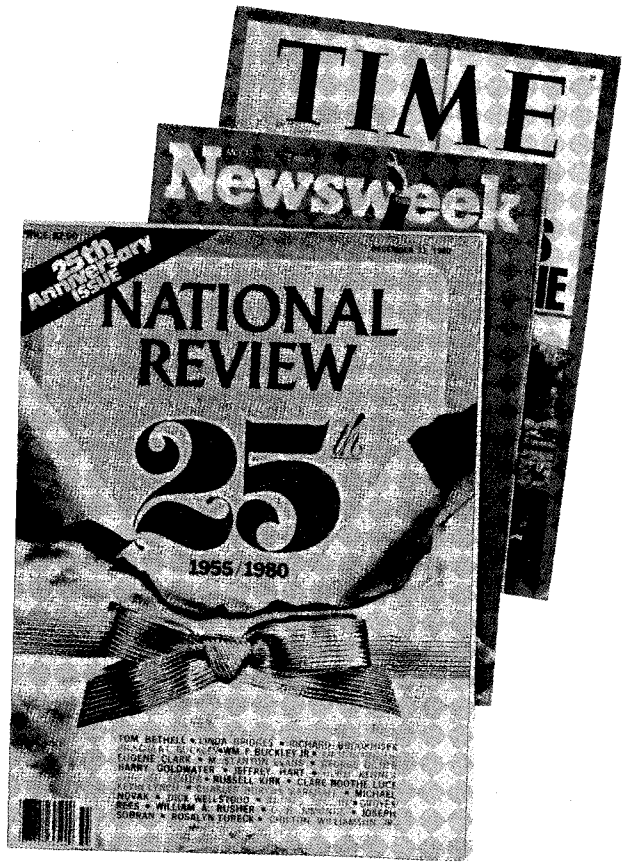

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Franz Josef of Austria-Hungary, who took the throne in 1848, was nearing 84 when he attacked Serbia to start World War I. Louis XIV of France, who began his active reign in 1661, started one last adventure against England when death looked over his shoulder in 1715. Brezhnev was scarcely younger in 1979 than when Kennan wrote in 1977; Brezhnev attacked Afghanistan in 1979. And old men can be succeeded by younger men.

What harm can the parallel declaration do? If relied upon, a treaty can be a snare. The 34th chapter of Genesis recounts a fatal case of an ancient malady. Hamor, king of the Hivites, and his son, Prince Shechem, sought a parley with Jacob and his sons because Shechem had "defiled" Jacob's daughter, Dinah. At the meeting, Shechem proposed that he marry Dinah and offered to pay any marriage gift demanded. Hamor further proposed that the two peoples unite, intermarry, and share the Hivite land, "for the land, behold, it is large enough." Jacob's sons accepted both proposals on condition that all the male Hivites be circumcised. In urging the desirability of this treaty, the royal negotiators told the Hivites: "These men are peaceable with us." Under this persuasion, the Hivites ratified the treaty, and their males submitted to the mass circumcision. When they were sore and disabled from it, the sons of Jacob fell upon them, "slew all the males, spoiled the city," and took the women, children, and cattle. The disease the Hivites died of was treaty-reliance.

Though the disease has not been as universal as treaty-breaking, reliance on treaties has been so prevalent that the second rule based on the historical pattern of treaties is that treaty-reliance is an occupational disease of statesmen. Even such cynical treaty-breakers as Louis XIV of France, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the USSR's Josef Stalin fell into the treaty trap by relying on the promises of other governments.

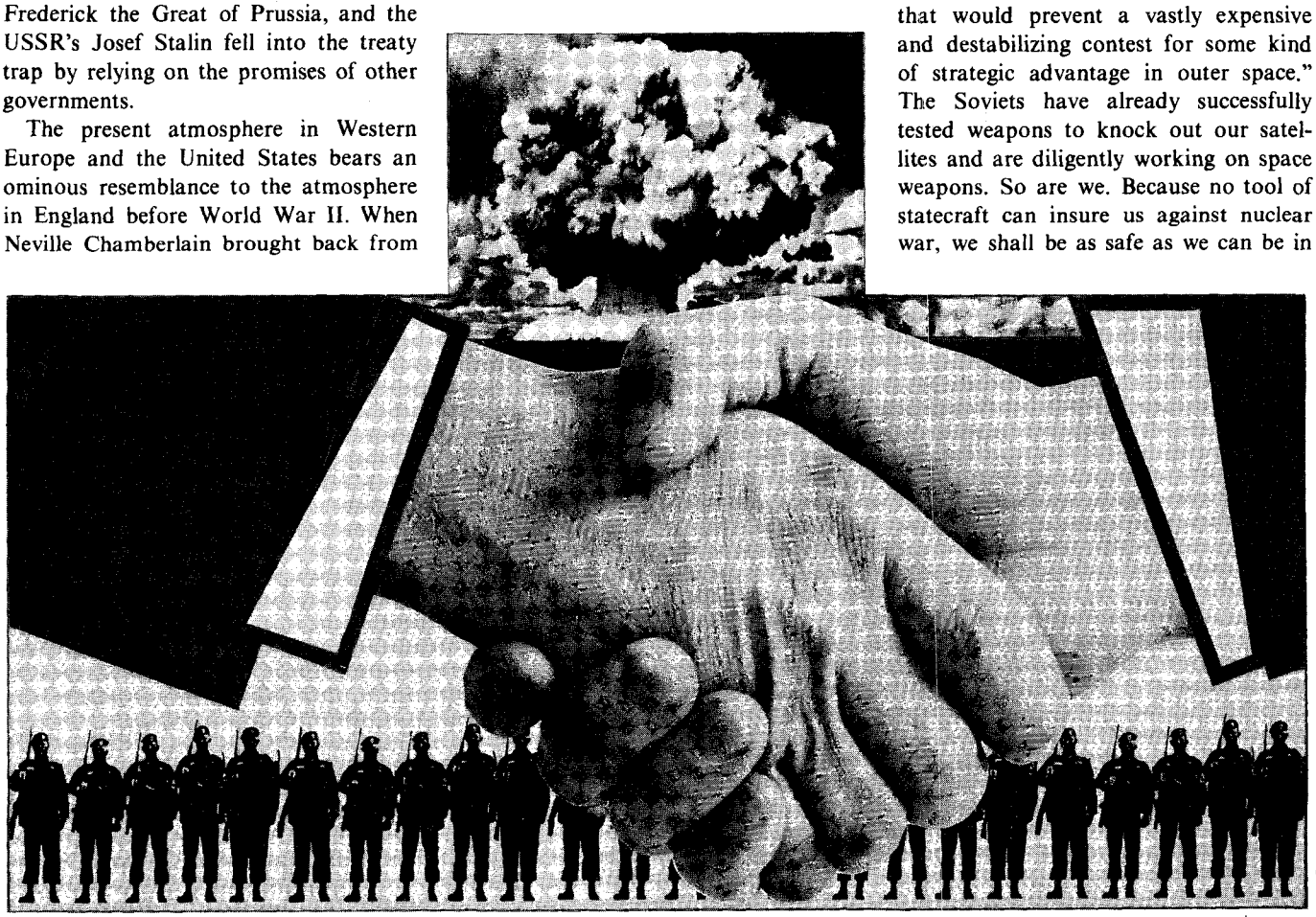
The present atmosphere in Western Europe and the United States bears an ominous resemblance to the atmosphere in England before World War II. When Neville Chamberlain brought back from Munich the agreement he had signed with Adolf Hitler and proclaimed it meant peace in our times, he was supported by the whole English press and the overwhelming majority of Englishmen. The slaughter of World War I induced the pacifism in England between the wars; the pacifism in turn tempted Hitler into his forays. The justified horror of nuclear weapons now makes the public yearn for any remedy that seems to promise nuclear peace.

The distinguished four already have succumbed to treaty-reliance, for they propose to decrease our nuclear forces once the parallel declarations have been made. They write in their article:

> Once we escape from the pressure to seem willing and able to use these weapons first, we shall find that our requirements are much less massive than is now widely supposed. . . .
>
> Once it is clear that the only nuclear need of the Alliance is for adequately survivable and varied *second strike* forces, requirements for the modernization of major nuclear systems will become more modest than has been assumed. In particular we can escape from the notion that we must somehow match everything the rocket commanders in the Soviet Union extract from their government. It seems doubtful, also, that under such a policy it would be necessary or desirable to deploy neutron bombs. The savings permitted by more modest programs could go toward meeting the financial costs of our contribution to conventional forces.

Thus, on the faith of a paper chain we are to reduce our nuclear forces unilaterally.

The four statesmen have gone further by throwing in another treaty: "At a minimum such a declaration would give both sides additional reasons to seek for agreements that would prevent a vastly expensive and destabilizing contest for some kind of strategic advantage in outer space." The Soviets have already successfully tested weapons to knock out our satellites and are diligently working on space weapons. So are we. Because no tool of statecraft can insure us against nuclear war, we shall be as safe as we can be in



Susan Magnus

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If the USSR initiates a war against Europe or the United States, the Soviets would be foolish not to make a first nuclear strike on the U.S., which has the only really formidable nuclear arsenal in the non-Communist world

an insecure world only when we have deployed a defense that will ward off incoming missiles plus civil defense to ameliorate leakage. There is now an excellent chance that either a particle beam or laser defense, probably in outer space, will fulfill the former function. We should be addressing that problem with urgency and ample money; we are not going fast enough. the distinguished four would abort our efforts with another paper chain.

We should also, they say, increase our conventional forces in Europe in order to make the use of nuclear forces unnecessary. This is exactly what Ronald Reagan has been trying to do, and he has met with increasing resistance from disarmament advocates.

But we cannot find the money needed for conventional rearmament by decreasing our nuclear expenditures, as the four claim. Because conventional weapons require extensive manpower, which is where our money goes, and nuclear weapons very little, we now spend only one dollar to prepare for and deter nuclear war for every seven dollars we spend to prepare for conventional war.

The other difficulty is that each of our allies spends far less than we do for deterrence and defense, both in proportion to Gross National Product (GNP) and in burden on the taxpayer. Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan each has urged our allies to spend more, without success; to the extent our allies have agreed, they have reneged, especially West Germany. As former Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, a disciple of McNamara, put it in his report to Congress for FY 1982:

> The American people . . . will not long tolerate a situation in which the security of our allies is assumed to be more important —and thus allowed to be more costly—to Americans than it is to our allies themselves, a situation in which U.S. defense budgets (already consuming a larger percentage of GNP than in the case of any other NATO ally and five times that of Japan) are growing faster than those of any other member of the NATO Alliance.

The remedy of stepping up American conventional spending—advocated both by the Reagan Administration and by the distinguished four—exhibits a tender concern for the feelings of the Europeans, who have refused to shoulder their fair share of the common burden. The friends of the Alliance on both sides of the Atlantic would be better advised to pay more heed to correcting the disparity, which the American people will not forever endure.

The announced purpose of the parallel declarations—to shore up the Alliance—was bound to be a dud. That the proposal to fold the American nuclear umbrella drew a quick adverse response from the West Germans was hardly astonishing. Our European allies may not want new tactical nuclear weapons on their soil, which they fear will make them a nuclear target, but they remain happy to have American nuclear weapons on American soil declared to be ready for use against a Soviet invasion. Their constant worry has been that the United States will not fire nuclear weapons at the risk of its own destruction.

The Soviets, meanwhile, will not believe any declaration. They have embraced lying as a virtue, and the only purpose of their joining a declaration would be to lull us into security. Their distrust is not wholly unwarranted. The history of diplomacy has been a history of chicanery. And we have lied in the past. When we were preparing for the Bay of Pigs, our ambassadors to the United Nations assured the Security Council we had no such intentions, citing the very treaties we were then engaged in breaking.

The distinguished four already have succumbed to treaty-reliance, for they propose to decrease our nuclear forces but it is equally true that if conventional war starts between the USSR and the United States, the war is highly unlikely to remain conventional; it will almost certainly become nuclear. Perhaps each antagonist will be deterred by the nuclear power of the other from beginning any war against its chief enemy. But if either starts a war against the other, to suppose that neither will use its most effective weapons defies all historical experience. If the USSR initiates a war against Europe or the United States, the Soviets would be foolish not to make a first nuclear strike on the United States, which has the only really formidable nuclear arsenal in the non-Communist world: because of the value striking the first blow confers; because the Soviets, in accordance with all military theory, believe in the efficacy of surprise; and because they believe that if they don't make a first strike, we will. Sensibly, they will not change that belief no matter what we say by treaty or otherwise.

The real "firebreak," if one is possible, is not between conventional and nuclear war, but against any war in which the United States and the USSR fight each other. But if the firebreak is between conventional war and nuclear war, as the distinguished four assume, no declaration or treaty will serve to strengthen it. The declarations can only fatally lull us into lowering our guard.

Kennan knew better in 1951 when, in *American Diplomacy 1900-1950*, he wrote:

> The most serious fault of our past policy formulation [lies] in something that I might call the legalistic-moralistic approach to international problems. . . . Let me try to describe it. It is the belief that it should be possible to suppress the chaotic and dangerous aspirations of governments in the international field by the acceptance of some system of legal rules and restraints.

Even the brave have reason to fear nuclear war. But is that any excuse for the distinguished four to spin to their countrymen a fairy tale that falls into the treaty trap of a nonaggression pact—a pact that all Soviet statesmen have been ever ready to proffer to their intended victims? □

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Israel, Arafat, and the Pope

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

According to one school of thought, it was a great mistake to establish the state of Israel in the heart of the Arab world. Even Theodor Herzl, the founder of world Zionism, considered alternatives to Palestine, which he deemed unsuitable for reasons of climate, lack of opportunity for expansion, and its nearness to Europe. Herzl, however, seems to have overlooked the threat that poses a far greater danger to the state of Israel: the capacity of Moslems to nurture deeply rooted hatreds and animosities. During my first visit to a then-divided Jerusalem, an Arab guide, upon learning that I was Austrian, flung his arms around my neck and exclaimed: "Austria gave us Hitler. Why did he not kill every single Jew?"

It's not known how many Arabs either fled, were expelled, or were killed in the course of the creation of Israel. But even today they still represent a significant minority within Israel's pre-1967 borders, and about 700,000 Arabs live on the West Bank and another 400,000 in the Gaza Strip.

Suffering Sweepstakes

Have the Palestinians suffered an injustice? Undoubtedly. But so, after World War II, did 13 million German refugees (of whom only a fraction were guilty of war crimes), and five to six million Polish refugees from eastern Poland, Greeks from western Anatolia and eastern Thrace, and Finns from Karelia. Yet none of these refugee groups committed acts of terrorism against innocent people.

Some of the Palestinians who fled Beirut will settle in other Arab countries, but a large number remained in Lebanon, which is why the Israelis are also remaining there. World opinion wants the Palestinians to have their own state, but world opinion has regretfully failed to offer a practical solution. The most popular proposal calls for an independent Palestinian state composed of the former Jordanian West Bank and the Gaza Strip, but this proposition has one failing: it is totally unrealistic.

What would be the size of this new nation? Not more than half the size of Connecticut if we consider the West Bank alone. The tiny Gaza Strip, between Israel and Egypt, is infinitely smaller and badly overcrowded. Even if we assume that two (rather than three) million Palestinians would want to return to their new "homeland," they would triple its population and render it economically unviable. Furthermore, this state would soon become either a poorhouse, an ulcer within the Arab world or—more likely—the dependency of a bigger power. Given the well-known pedigree of the Palestine Liberation Organization, that power would be the Soviet Union.

The Arab birth rate—nearly double that of the Israelis—presents an ever-growing problem for Israel, even for the Israel of the pre-1967 borders. That imaginary Palestinian state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip would soon burst its seams. If Israel intends to remain a democratic republic, with free elections and majority rule, it shouldn't incorporate the West Bank into its state. Yet it is equally necessary for Israel to try to reach a *modus vivendi* with the Arabs.

In addition to the problem of the West Bank, there is the thorny question of Jerusalem, the third-most sacred city of Islam (after Mecca and Medina). To the Arabs, Jerusalem—El Kuds—is the place from which Mohammed went to heaven and where the Prophet Issah (Jesus) will appear on Judgment Day. The two mosques built on the site of the Old Temple are holy places. The Pope's idea of internationalizing the old city of Jerusalem to be a center for the three great monotheistic faiths is sound and may be one reason why John Paul II met with PLO leader Yasir Arafat. Arafat (who was and in the deeper recesses of his heart perhaps still is a terrorist) and the Pope might have similar, though not identical, plans for the Holy Land.

But there were other reasons for this meeting. Whatever the unsavory record of Yasir Arafat, the Pope has a genuine interest in a peaceful Mideast. It would have been irresponsible for the pontiff to miss an opportunity to confer with a man of Arafat's importance.

The Pope's meeting with Arafat prompted the Israelis to raise again the accusation that the Vatican did nothing to help the persecuted Jews between 1933 and 1945, an accusation that the writings of Pinchas Lapide and Michael O'Carroll show to be quite baseless. Indeed, Hitler's National Socialists always accused Rome and the Catholic hierarchy of pro-Jewish sentiments.

Koran Tells Him So

Morally, one should judge people not by one's own standards but by theirs. We cannot condemn a Moslem for having several wives but we can reject his religion. We cannot even condemn an atheist for practicing abortion. We can be fairly certain that the actions of Moslems like Yasir Arafat or the Ayatollah Khomeini are in accordance with the Koran. Thus Pope John Paul might condemn many of Arafat's convictions, but it would be difficult for him to condemn the person.

In one of the O'Grady stories by André Maurois, the following scene is described: A young Englishman has committed a murder. Conscience-stricken, he goes to a minister, is ushered into a comfortable parlor and offered a drink. Having explained that he wants to make a confession, the vicar assures him that he was once young himself and quite understands the problems of adolescence. "But, sir, I have committed a murder!" the young man interrupted. On hearing that, the vicar jumped up, mentioned his duty as an English gentleman to inform the police, and threw the penitent out. Walking home quite desolate, the youth saw a dirty, ugly little church frequented by Irish servants and workmen. He decided to enter, saw a confessional, and repeated to the priest inside his confession: "Father, I have committed murder!" "How many times, my son?" □

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On Democratic Capitalism

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

In all the tumult about nuclear morality, many forget that the Catholic bishops of the U.S. will issue a statement on capitalism this November. What will they say?

Judging by my own education in American Catholic seminaries and in Rome, and judging by the current political climate, I think they may be tempted to emphasize the negative. That, certainly, is the Catholic reflex on this subject. It long was mine.

This reflex has several sources. The first is the imprint of the medieval Catholic community, visibly uniting ethos and institution, village and church. Thus Hilaire Belloc bitterly attacked Marxism and welfarism in *The Servile State*, yet, nonetheless, compared industrial capitalism unfavorably to the feudal Catholic past. Belloc and Chesterton idealized the peasant past (they were not describing the peasant past of my grandparents in Slovakia) under the name of Distributivism.

The second source is the humanistic tradition of conservative thinkers like Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, and, in America, the Transcendentalists, the Agrarians, and others. The Tory tradition of anti-capitalist sentiment is still strong in writers like Russell Kirk. Rose-trellis conservatives fondly recall the rural cottages of England (and New England) before the fall.

The third source is a trace of alienation. Capitalism is regarded as a faintly Protestant system, not necessarily Calvinist but awfully exaggerated in its emphasis on the individual. *The Catholic Encyclopedia for School and Home*, published in 1965 by St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N.Y., explains:

> The men and the classes that were rising to power and that imposed their system of values on the economic and social order of nations evolving into capitalism were often hostile to the teachings of the Catholic Church. *For this reason* the Church was critical of the rise of capitalism especially in its early stages. [Emphasis added.]

Is there not an outsider's plaint in that *For this reason*?

A fourth source is family memory. Many of us learned that labor is "us" and capital is "them." They owned the mills and the mines and the stockyards and the railroads. They lived in the big houses. Their mounted police swung billy clubs at the heads of our relatives. (I have recounted one of the most brutal historical episodes in *The Guns of Lattimer*.

A fifth source is the tide of vaguely socialist and anti-American ideas emanating from the less-developed countries. Although such views are rejected by most scholars, socialist theories of "dependency" and "exploitation" hold that the poverty of Asia, Latin America, and Africa is caused by the affluence of the U.S., Canada, Western Europe, and Japan. (This theory would make the purported cause more recent than the purported effect, poverty in such regions being immemorial.)

Without question, the practice of early capitalism in nineteenth century Britain and America exacted costs even while it conferred benefits. Concentrating on the costs, while ignoring the benefits, has been a practice of most humanist critics, not only of Catholics. The best analysis of this phenomenon is found in *Capitalism and the Historians*, edited by Friedrich von Hayek (University of Chicago Press).

Without question, too, capitalism has suffered because its exposition has been left almost entirely to economists. Formal abstraction is proper to every science. But economics becomes economism (duly criticized by Pope John Paul II in *Laborem Exercens*) as science becomes scientism. Most economists, in fact, don't fall into this trap. As economists, they stick to their last. As citizens, they roam as broadly as anyone else—some to the left, some to the right, some in the center.

The Dunwoodie *Encyclopedia* mentioned above lists the "main accusations made by Catholics against historical capitalism" as follows:

> 1) It exhibited a selfish individualistic spirit that denied the social nature of man and the social duties of the wealthy. 2) It rejected the moral law in business matters. 3) It exalted the so-called impersonal market forces governing all economic life. 4) It relied too much on the beneficial effects of the economic motive of self-interest. 5) It led to flagrant abuses of human beings, who were treated as slaves to the industrial machine. 6) It glorified material values over those of human and spiritual nature. 7) It divided society into opposing classes based on the individual's position in the labor market and his possession of property and wealth, and thus broke the unity of human society. 8) It produced persistent unemployment and recurring depressions.

Most of these allegations are false. In practice, "capitalism" is only one part of political economy and is embedded among necessary moral sentiments. The economic system does not (cannot) stand alone. It is deeply affected by the political system and by the moral-cultural system to which it is joined.

But let us suppose that these accusations were true. Of each of them, one must ask: *Compared to what?* On all eight indices, how does capitalism in practice compare to Communism, socialism, feudalism, and traditional military-led regimes in the Third World? "No one economic system is inevitably linked to, or required by, the Catholic religion," the *Encyclopedia* says. Yet, in practice, of the various economic systems known to the Catholic people in their long history, which have promoted greater liberty, prosperity, mobility, civic virtue, and social strengths?

There are a few Catholic socialists (like Gregory Baum) who are embarrassed by the political economy of Canada and the United States. They hold up as their models for the Catholic Church to imitate Yugoslavia and Nicaragua. Which concrete example do the bishops cherish? □

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A Private Sense of Wrong

Earl Warren: A Public Life
By G. Edward White
Oxford, 429 pp., $25

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Earl Warren's father worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad, retired with a pension, and nine years later was murdered by an unknown assailant. The hardships of the railroad work—the constant possibility of capricious layoffs, severe injuries without compensation, competition from cheap imported labor—made, it seems, a far deeper impression on the young Warren than the murder.

Strange that we haven't had a full biography of Warren until now. This one concentrates on his formative years in California, where he was an old-fashioned progressive-nativist, the sort who would both fight for the rights of labor and herd Japanese-Americans into internment camps. Men of his background could believe firmly in the equality of all white people. Eventually he championed racial integration and the rights of accused criminals. Only his attitudes toward big business remained fairly constant.

G. Edward White shows us such patterns without explaining them. That is fine by me. We want the facts. And when you have them, there is not much explaining to do. Warren was not a very subtle soul, and it would be excessive to lavish subtlety on him. White doesn't. He describes the early Warren, the California attorney general, as a "virulent" anti-Communist, revealing a talent for phrasemaking on a level with Warren's own (were there "virulent" anti-Nazis?).

As an intellectual, Warren was about on a par with the President who named him to the Supreme Court, Dwight Eisenhower: intelligently middlebrow. As a practicing district attorney, attorney general, and governor, Warren's brushes with theory were casual. He had, however, an excellent political sense as well as strong ethical convictions, and these stood him in good stead with the rising liberal establishment. Eisenhower soon deeply regretted having appointed him, but liberal publicists kept his reputation in the air like a beach ball. The content of his decisions was celebrated; the reasoning spared close inspection. Once he was gone, there was no reason to look back too closely. Warren died in the midst of the Watergate controversy, having done his quiet best to see that the Court would rule against Richard Nixon, whom he hated, on the issue of executive privilege. Earlier he had schemed, rather too obviously, to prevent Nixon from naming his successor.

John Gunther once described Warren as a man "with little intellectual background, little genuine depth, or coherent political philosophy; a man who has probably never bothered with an abstract thought twice in his life." It became Warren's glory that he ruled on the basis of a curiously personal sense of decency, a "law beyond the law." Estimates of his jurisprudential gifts range from severe to polite. White takes him as an historic landmark, and tries to take his thought seriously, though it is clear that had Warren been anything but Chief Justice of the United States,

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his views would have failed to interest any of the quarterly law reviews.

His sensitivity about this open secret led him to feud with Felix Frankfurter, who despised him and deviously circulated anti-Warren messages through the juridical community. Frankfurter was right, but his back-biting techniques excite no sympathy for his cause, which was pretty well lost when Warren, the expert maneuverer, worked in league with fellow "activists" Douglas, Black, and Brennan. Frankfurter's antagonism, in fact, probably sharpened the Warren Court's internal divisions, made the liberals more resolute, and wound up harming the cause of judicial restraint.

Warren himself set forth his own philosophy, such as it was, in a 1955 essay in *Fortune*. He laid great stress on the Bill of Rights (by which he almost certainly meant only the first eight Amendments), calling it a document that "will not have exactly the same meaning it had when we received it from our fathers" when passed from us to our own posterity. It would be "better" for being "burnished by growing use." He openly hoped his Court would use the Bill of Rights to "generalize and make objective" a "private sense of wrong."

That, at any rate, expressed the key to Warren's own practice on the High Court. He freely and confidently read his own ethical sense into the Constitution. Inasmuch as his own "private" sense of right and wrong happened to coincide rather consistently with the corporate sense of liberal opinion, liberal opinion was more than kind to him.

So is White. Now and then he spars gently with Warren's positions, but he smilingly portrays his man as an apostle of "affirmative government" and a "Progressive champion of the public interest," with a "capacity for growth," whose "activism" exerted itself on behalf of "a twentieth century version of natural law as a legitimate basis for judicial review." That "natural law" was a set of "imperatives emanating from the ethical structure of the Constitution," meaning "from his own code of ethics, which he believed the Constitution embodied." This was the "law beyond the law."

White calls Warren's premises "broad and vague," and so they were. White's own analysis, unfortunately, is also broad and vague. He not only doesn't challenge conventional categories; he doesn't define them. The book is remarkably devoid of direct textual references to the Constitution, leaning instead on the current vocabulary of the legal establishment. (White teaches at the University of Virginia Law School.)

Warren's real achievement was to use his political cunning to place the judiciary itself "beyond the law." Never has it been truer that the Constitution is what the Court says it is; never has it been so awkward to raise the question whether the Court has made a series of wrong turns so gross, and by now so deeply established in the corpus of precedent, that future Justices will labor in juridical Augean Stables. If the "historic" decisions of Warren's Court were historic because they were violent departures from sound constitutional doctrine, correction may be next to impossible. One wishes White had faced this possibility. But then, one wishes Warren had never been appointed. □

Thomas E. Dewey and His Times
By Richard Norton Smith
Simon & Schuster, 703 pp., $22.50

HE PREFERRED TO BE EXCUSED

CHARLES B. MARSHALL

A decade as an intrepid prosecutor in the country's biggest city, 12 years as an innovative and strong-willed governor of the then most populous state, and 16 final years as a Nestor disposing major influence in great affairs add up to a career deserving better than to be remembered, like Mudville's mighty Casey, for an anticlimax. Yet the 1948 election with its crushing dénouement, recounted in a prologue, overhangs every chapter of Richard Norton Smith's book about Thomas Edmund Dewey (1902-1971). Once he had adjusted to the reality of the wholly unanticipated and therefore devastating defeat by Harry Truman, Dewey was wont to blame a quirk of timing: his career had peaked too soon. That ascription explained nothing. The 1948 strikeout becomes in Smith's account a catastrophe intrinsic to character rather than due to extrinsic circumstances—an event as ineluctable as the fifth act is for Hamlet.

Respectability—"tea and crumpets" gentility in the biographer's phrase—along with diligence and reliability was in Dewey's heritage from Owosso (Mich.) gentry. Concerning his cerebral capabilities, Smith tells of Dewey's becoming in time "something of a thinker." His musings on large concerns were restricted to Northeastern-establishment orthodoxies. Undoubtedly, though, he was smart. His endowments included exceptional resources of energy and physical courage exemplified in his defiance of gangland death threats by keeping interior car lights lit while being chauffeured home at night. Within him, also, as Smith twice observes in paraphrases of William Herndon's remark on Abraham Lincoln, the engine of ambition ceaselessly throbbed.

With early aspirations to an operatic career dispelled by an unfavorably reviewed recital, Dewey buckled down to the discipline of Columbia Law School. After finishing just behind William O. Douglas near the top of the class, he tried working at a junior attorney's agenda in a big law office, soon found it boring, and so gravitated to prosecutorial roles. Therein—successively as second and then top man in the U.S. district attorney's office, state special investigator of rackets, and state district attorney—he performed prodigiously. The portion of Smith's book focusing on that phase interested me the most.

A Dewey speech cited from those times calls for eliminating crime by perfecting society instead of punishing the guilty. An echo perhaps of law school indoctrination in sociological jurisprudence, the utterance scarcely conveys what he was up to. In a contemporary journalist's awed observation, "His love of criminal prosecution amounts almost to a mania." He drafted revisions of prescribed procedures that inconvenienced law enforcement and got them enacted by the legislature. Sky-high bails, holding of witnesses incommunicado, and much wire-tapping—which he resonantly defended—were routine devices. His operatives, in bellhop guise, once set a blaze in a Montreal hotel corridor and during the alarm and evacuation searched the rooms of a gathering of New York rogues. In a fellow lawyer's words, Dewey knew "when to be lawless." Conviction rates under his supervision approached parametric perfection. The notoriety and numbers of malefactors imprisoned or harried from public office by his efforts in person brought wide fame. Dewey, only

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36, had become "an authentic national hero." By mid-1938, movie scriveners vied to produce scripts celebrating his gangbusting exploits. The young DA declined a lucrative offer to portray himself in a flick. His sights were set on other goals.

That year he came dramatically close to beating the Democratic incumbent, Herbert Lehman, for governor. The next target was the U.S. Presidency. In young Dewey's confided words, FDR was "the easiest man in the world for me to beat." A test of that hyperbolic boast had to be deferred when an upstart Republican Wendell Wilkie—"my fat friend" in Dewey's contemptuous appellation—grabbed the 1940 nomination. Winning the New York governorship in the 1942 election made Dewey a sure bet to head the national ticket in 1944. He ran then not in expectation of beating FDR under war conditions but in hope—which would be fulfilled—of getting a lien on the nomination for next time.

Canons of gentility condone zeal amounting to ruthlessness in a Saint George in pursuit of dragons but may be construed to impose restraint on an established magisterial figure in quest of preferment. Dignity—Dewey had once said that all was lost without that quality—calls for the ritual of offering sacrifice rather than importuning for advantage. Dewey's womenfolk—an ever supportive mother and a devoted wife—encouraged such an approach. His handlers did not dissent, not much anyway. Dewey was amenable. A barbed and impassioned response to FDR's needling in the 1944 campaign had been generally regarded as Dewey's most effective speech ever, but Dewey rued it as his worst and resolved not to forget his manners like that in 1948. He was wont to refer to the Presidency as a task from which he would "much prefer to be excused"—prompting questions as to why, then, was he running. Smith takes such utterances at face value—rightly, I think, for they probably represented something Dewey had to believe about himself.

Unlike Dewey, Truman was the contender beset by such adversities as lack of secure reputation, blame for a miscellany of national perplexities, and wholesale indifference and organized defections within his own party. Truman's task was to reanimate enough of the apathetic and woo back enough of the errant to skin through. Dewey's default lay in refraining to do or to say anything to offset the fired-up incumbent's vociferous efforts to that end. With an "almost religious belief in the revolutionary science of poll-taking," Dewey mistook a snapshot for the whole moving picture—an error shared in by his henchmen, innumerable savants, and three fourths of the public. He opted to coast to a victory that looked sure anyway. While Truman was giving 'em hell, Dewey gave sedate civic lectures. Meanwhile, millions (including me) sizing up the challenger and deciding he simply would not do as an alternative were settling for four more years of Truman.

EVEN WITH SO much going for him, Dewey's portion of the popular vote only matched his earlier performance against FDR. Nationally—for President—his ceiling was about 44 per cent. For all his renown, something about the man put off a lot of people. It could not have been vices. It must have been the spotless man's unpardonable virtues. Indeed, the biographer finds his subject admirable rather than likable and characterizes him as the sort who would say to a friend afflicted by hangover, "I told you so." Supporters' messages urging Dewey to be himself during the 1948 hustings missed the mark. What was coming across was the essential Dewey—as authentic as the prize-winning baritone who a quarter century before had mastered vocal techniques but had trouble projecting emotion; a man so conventional as to be embarrassed at mention of his wife's having once been on the road in George White's Scandals, so cautious that in grasping doorknobs he covered his hand with a handkerchief, so aloof that he elevated "lack of public heartiness into a principle," and so disposed not to be *of* his milieu that after 15 years on the New York scene he did not know what pastrami was.

After coming to terms with his defeat in 1948, Dewey dismissed suggestions to run for President again. He did stay around for one more term as governor before becoming what he had long, and unconvincingly, professed to want most to be—a big money-maker in private practice. He remained energetically concerned in Republican Party affairs. His stance was pro-Eisenhower, anti-Taft, anti-Goldwater, and alternating on Nixon. To rate Dewey "*the* maker of the modern Republican Party" (Smith's words, my italics) overrates his endeavors, I suspect.

Denied the supreme prize, Dewey was indifferent to bids to lesser glories as U.S. senator, ambassador to England, Secretary of State, Chief Justice, and head of a presidential commission to study crime, but he did briefly consider becoming first U.S. envoy to Communist China. That last was apparently incident to a widower's vain endeavor to kindle matrimonial interest on the part of Moss Hart's surviving wife, Kitty Carlisle, whose friendship is said to have brightened his last years and even to have alleviated, too late for political benefit, the stuffiness of his public demeanor.

This first full-length biography of Dewey, while good, would have been better if rid of small errors and shrunk by 25 per cent. Smith, still in his late twenties, should be encouraged to persevere, but he should take care to shun clichés, to get names and minor details right, to link relative pronouns to their proper antecedents, to resist an urge to pack in every wisp of information gleaned by his thorough research, and not to write meandering sentences such as "Beneath the floor of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, where the new governor was a vestryman (who in addition to his regular duties taught the rector backgammon), lay the remains of Lord Viscount Howe, killed by a stray bullet while trying to wrest Fort Ticonderoga from the French in 1758." □

The Crisis in Economic Theory
Edited by Irving Kristol and Daniel Bell
Basic, 226 pp., $15

BEYOND KEYNESIANISM

PAUL J. HALPERN

Despite the ambivalent record of Reaganomics, nearly everyone acknowledges that the Keynesian economic policies that preceded it were also, over the last decade and a half, a miserable failure. About the time Reagan came to office, several economic theoreticians were invited by the editors of *The Public Interest* to explain what was wrong with the prevailing Keynesian notions in their profession. Some of the authors suggest that Keynes himself would not be happy with the direction in which his followers have gone.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME NOVEMBER TITLES: *A Better World: The Great Schism: Stalinism and the American Intellectuals* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95), by William L. O'Neill, is an intellectual history of the split between the non-Communists and Stalinist intellectuals in the United States between 1939 and 1960. O'Neill, who is also the author of a biography of Max Eastman, concludes that the progressives were guilty of deliberately overlooking heinous realities while the anti-Stalinists were right on target in perceiving Stalinism as "the principle enemy of freedom and culture after WW II." . . . Ayn Rand's *Philosophy: Who Needs It?* (Bobbs-Merrill, $15.95), with an introduction by Leonard Peikoff, is a collection of 18 articles taken from the late author's newsletter, the burden of which is that philosophy, not politics, will change the world.

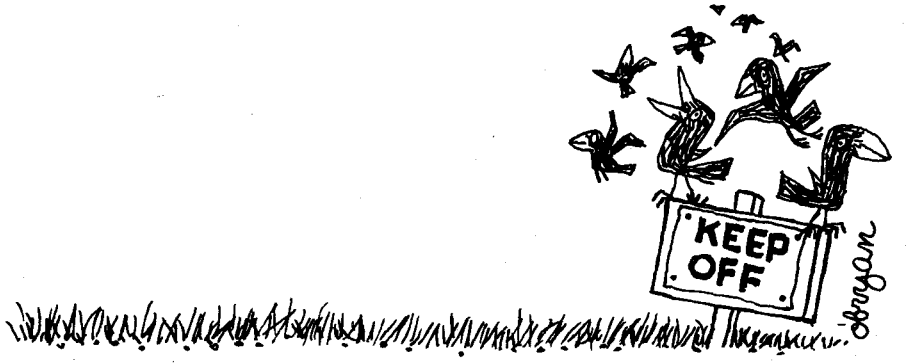
Miracle by Design: The Real Reasons Behind Japan's Economic Success (Times, $16.95), by Frank Gibney, argues that it is the fusion of Confuscian values with American competency that has resulted in Japanese economic growth since 1945 and suggests that the West has something to learn from it.

Daniel Mark Epstein, a young poet who is rapidly acquiring a major reputation, has a fourth volume of poems forthcoming, *this* one called *The Book of Fortune* (Overlook/Viking, $10.95). . . . *Three Novels* (Knopf, $17.50) brings together the V.S. Naipaul books first published in the 1950s: *The Mystic Masseur*, *The Suffrance of Elvira*, and *Miguel Street*. . . . A collection of William Styron's essays, articles, and occasional pieces written over the past twenty years has been compiled and is being published now as *This Quiet Dust* (Random House, $17.50). Styron's subjects run from the parochialization of the Holocaust ("Jews were not the lone inheritors of Hitler's hatred . . . the nature of the evil was ecumenical") to the Mailer-Abbott fiasco to criticism of his Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*.

Keynes's most famous work was a response to the nineteenth century theorists who thought that the economic system was self-correcting. These economists also noted that, in theory, there was a set of prices for all raw materials, labor, and finished goods that would bring the economy into "equilibrium" or balance so that the amount of each that was supplied exactly equaled the amount each demanded. The result would be no unemployment. Assuming away all real-world problems like lack of information, less than perfect competition, and psychological factors caused by political, social, or cultural forces, economists became preoccupied with working out mathematical equations necessary for this "general equilibrium."

After analyzing the British depression of the 1920s, Keynes concluded that the concept of a self-adjusting economy was defective. Of course, Keynes's solution for these difficulties was for government itself to stimulate demand through increased government spending so that the unemployed would have jobs, demand for products would increase, and production would resume. Conversely, his recommendation for business upturns was a balanced budget to prevent inflation (his followers seem to have forgotten that).

Although Keynes was skeptical of highly mathematical economics, his followers reformulated his macro-economic model in terms of the idealized general-equilibrium theory that preceded it. The resulting synthesis forms the heart of what we now call Keynesian economics and is highly mathematical in character. Keynesians have carried on with the theoretical task of working out the details of this balancing model while also undertaking the practical job of constructing elaborate forecasting models of the economy that were supposed to tell policymakers what adjustments in fiscal policy would stabilize the economy. The main point of the critics in this collection is that the Keynesians' practical advice and forecasts failed because they were based on the unrealistic assumptions in the highly theoretical equilibrium model. Keynesian defenders now concede these problems and several chapters in this collection explain Keynesian efforts to resurrect the model by making the assumptions more sophisticated if not more realistic.



THE MORE SEVERE critics are not so optimistic about saving the Keynesian approach. Some believe the Keynesian model is fundamentally flawed because of its reliance on aggregate indicators of economic behavior rather than on realistic assumptions about individual behavior. Others reject the notion that any highly mathematical model of the economy (even one based on individual behavior) can capture the complex interactions between uncertainty, learning, and entrepreneurship, which is at the heart of capitalism.

Despite the good job the critics do in demonstrating the deficiencies of Keynesian notions, I doubt that the root cause of our present economic problems lies in defective theory. As some of the economists point out, Keynes's interventionist arguments became a rationale for redistributive policies rather than for economic stabilization policies. Politicians of both parties have been reluctant to reverse the trend toward redistribution. Consequently, the United States has run deficits for the last two decades regardless of the state of the economy or of which party controlled the White House.

A small but growing number of economists and political scientists are trying to develop political models to explain this phenomenon of government expansion. It has affected all Western democracies and left them with high ratios of government spending to GNP and with serious inflation once growth rates have slowed down. The equalitarian character of democratic-capitalist ideology and the concentrated nature of program benefits relative to cost have been two of the factors that have received close attention.

The proposed solutions to this spending surge are as varied as the theories of

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its cause: a constitutional amendment to limit deficit spending, sunset legislation to force review and termination of programs, a change in voting rules in the legislature, a limit on the number of years that a congressman can serve on any one committee, and reversal of the Supreme Court decision allowing Congress to delegate decisions to the agencies. The ultimate difficulty with all these ideas is that the problem prevents the solution. There is not enough political support behind the concept of terminating middle-class welfare and the social pork barrel to make any of these proposals work even if they were to become law. The failure of the Congressional Budget Act of 1974 is illustrative.

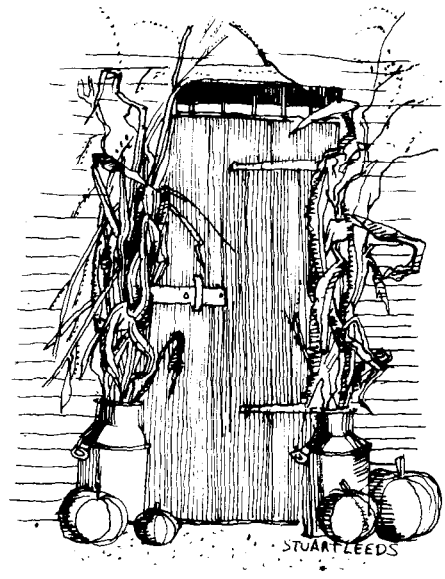
What is needed is a political constituency for sound economic policies relating to inflation, productivity, capital formation, and government spending in general. So far, the only persons who perceive the problem in this way are businessman John Perry, who has proposed a national dividend plan to give registered voters a stake in corporate profits, and Lewis Kelso, who has put forth a scheme to provide stock ownership to workers. These particular solutions may or may not be the correct way to go, but at least they address the essentially political character of the problem. The critics of Keynes may win the battle of the technical economic journals. But until there is enough political pressure to sustain a sound economic policy, the new theorists will have difficulty implementing their ideas. □

The Picturesque Prison: Evelyn Waugh and His Writings
By Jeffrey Heath
McGill-Queen's University Press, 334 pp., $35

AT WAUGH WITH HIMSELF

GEORGE P. McCARTNEY

An American journalist once asked Evelyn Waugh what he thought of Will Rogers's opinion that "the purpose of art is not to make a man think but to make him happy." Before answering, Waugh inquired, "Mr. Rogers is dead, I understand?" Once assured that Rogers had "passed over some years back," he cut his interviewer short by replying, "Then he knows better now, good morning."



In his study, Jeffrey Heath reports this anecdote as an example of Waugh's inspired rudeness, but it serves equally well to illustrate his attitude toward his literary vocation. As far as he was concerned, art that did not fulfill its theological responsibilities was not really art. However ingenious its execution, it was at best a high order of craft. In a 1946 *Life* magazine article, Waugh made this point unequivocally by dismissing most modern novelists, including James Joyce, because "they try to represent the whole human mind and soul and yet omit its determining character—that of being God's creature with a defined purpose." Having peremptorily disposed of the theologically irresponsible, he announced his intention "to represent man more fully, which, to me, means only one thing, man in his relation to God." Considered against what we know of Waugh's life, his officially declared commitment to such an otherworldly project seems odd. He was, despite his religious convictions, thoroughly a man of this world. This is evident in his fiction where he took obvious delight in portraying the more flamboyant figures of fashionable society, many of whom he knew personally. They turn up in his novels as wonderfully amoral worldlings, unforgettably charming and vital. By contrast, his virtuous and innocent characters pale before the radiant wickedness of these rogues. Even in the overtly religious *Brideshead Revisited*, the most engaging character is the self-indulgent aesthete, Sebastian Flyte, and the least sympathetic, Rex Mottram, whose dismal spiritual state is gauged, incongruously enough, by standards that are remarkably worldly. It seems Mottram hasn't the breeding necessary to either distinguish architectural styles accurately or choose wines judiciously. As for Waugh's personal life, he was not known to be a stranger to earthly pleasures.

The truth is there were two Waughs: one was a Dionysian reveler who delighted in exuberance and excess; the other, a prophet of the new dark age about to descend upon civilization as more and more of those in a position to know better let slip their hold on the religious values required to sustain an orderly society. It was the uneasy cohabitation of these contrary selves that gave his fiction the special energy we have come to recognize as his insignia. His fascination with the mindless hedonism of the modern world empowered him to become its best satirist. As Heath puts it, his fiction is "the child of his love and hate and as such . . . it is much more elaborate than it looks from the outside."

HEATH ATTEMPTS to take us inside the fiction by showing us "how Waugh transmuted his own experience into literature," and he does so by frankly using the novels as "biographical data." Such an approach risks the kind of reductive roman à clef reading in which the artistry of the literary work is neglected in favor of locating the real-life models on which its characters and events are based. Fortunately, Heath has not taken this course. Instead, he tries to uncover the personality behind the fiction by interpreting its major characters as artistically projected aspects of Waugh himself. He reads the novels as a series of engagements between Waugh's Dionysian and Apollonian selves. Each is a contest between the anarchic wilfullness of self-indulgence and the civilizing force of reason. According to Heath, in Waugh's struggle to resolve this conflict, he used his fiction as an opportunity to discard immature versions of himself. His novels became a sequence of disappearing acts. "In each [he] creates a persona whom he rejects, like a snake shedding its worn skin." These former selves are abandoned to suffer imprisonment in one sort of false refuge or another, usually in an ancestral house that seems at first a promising retreat but soon be-

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comes just one more in "an infinite regress of traps." True refuge can only be found in the liberating discipline of faith. This is the hard-won truth the protagonists of the later novels discover. Although Waugh clearly longed for the contentment of religious resignation he conferred on his fictional surrogates Charles Ryder in *Brideshead Revisited* and Guy Crouchback in *Unconditional Surrender*, he was never to achieve it himself. Unfortunately, neither character was "a wholly accurate self-portrait." He was unable to make peace with the world, Heath explains, because he "never ceased to regard himself as a battleground between savagery and civilization."

Heath seems to fault Waugh on this head. In his view Waugh made the same mistake his earlier protagonists did. He sought to escape the world's attractive madness by isolating himself from it. In his later years he withdrew to his reclusive country home, Combe Florey. As he fenced the world out, however, he only succeeded in fencing himself in. When his ultimate bastion, the Roman Church, appeared to be changing in what he considered a deplorable effort to become modern, he had nowhere to turn. He felt himself abandoned and imprisoned at once. Heath suggests that Waugh should have learned from the fates of his characters that retreat from the world would not solve his problem, which was as much psychic as social. Perhaps. But writing fiction is not a species of self-applied psychotherapy. Besides, as Heath himself indicates, there is good reason to believe that Waugh did eventually realize that his self-imposed exile was not helping him. One can know the truth but not be able to live it. Nor is it likely that resolving his conflict would have been good for his art that so clearly thrived on it. Whatever the personal cost, Waugh's inability to resolve the tension between his wayward and orthodox selves resulted in a fiction that perfectly dramatizes the spiritual confusion of our century.

Heath describes his book as a critical biography, a genre that has fallen into disfavor among the more fashionable academic critics who question the legitimacy of using a writer's productions to interpret his life. However, Heath's purpose is not to construct a biography of Waugh from his works. Instead, he

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has done something many critics promise but rarely deliver. By moving back and forth between the documented facts of Waugh's life and a close reading of his fiction, Heath focuses on the process by which the creative imagination turns daily experience into art. The tact and insight with which he has done this have enabled him to demonstrate that Waugh, despite his poses as a dandyish wit in youth and a reactionary curmudgeon in middle age, was always a deliberate artist whose fiction deserves the kind of close attention we have come to expect in studies of "serious" literature. □

Between Flops: A Biography of Preston Sturges
By James Curtis
Harcourt, 339 pp., $15.95

AN AMERICAN LIFE

J. O. TATE

On August 13 of this year, the *New York Times* reported that an unpublished play by Preston Sturges (1898-1959) had been optioned as a musical. Shortly after, in observance of the death of Henry Fonda, WNET-TV broadcast *The Lady Eve*—written and directed by Preston Sturges. So I am convinced that the young lady who remarked to me, "I thought Preston Sturges was a department store," was merely ill-informed.

Just how wrong she was James Curtis makes clear in the first full-length biography of the legendary film-maker. The many admirers of the eight films Sturges wrote and directed for Paramount from 1940 through 1944—the heart of his accomplishment—will be naturally eager to read of his life's details. But his extraordinary life deserves a wider audience, for Sturges's rise and fall was, like the Maltese falcon, "the stuff that dreams are made of."

James Agee and Manny Farber years ago analyzed Sturges in terms of a classic conflict: Sturges's mother was a helter-skelter culture-vulture not unlike Patrick Dennis's Auntie Mame; Sturges's adoptive father was a conservative Chicago businessman whom his son loved very much. James Curtis says nothing to discourage such an angle of attack. Indeed, the more we learn about Sturges, the more we think of him in terms of the context of his upbringing and of the synthesis (his personality, his career, his plays and screenplays) he forged from disparate elements.

As an egotist and artist-type, an autodidact sometimes capable of spectacular self-transformation, Sturges took after his mother, née Mary Dempsey, who made herself over into "Mary Desti." She was for years an intimate of Isadore Duncan and, indeed, Mary Desti herself hand-decorated the scarf that killed Isadora Duncan. She was also a restless bohemian who founded Maison Desti, purveyors of beauty in the form of perfumes, rouges, and manicures. As Mary Desti she toured Europe—Venice, Berlin, Bayreuth, Helgoland, Paris, Deauville—with her child in tow. When Solomon Sturges went to Europe to demand that his wife and adopted son return to Chicago, he found them "attired in Grecian dresses, shawls, and sandals" à la Isadora. (The child who entered a Chicago grade school in such dress got a violent lesson.)

She was the sort of woman of whom her son's biographer can write: "Mary's fourth marriage—to a Turkish fortune hunter called Vely Bey—was not a particularly happy one." Understandably, the young Sturges developed an aversion to high culture that he never lost. But he did for a while manage the Maison Desti's New York office and invented a successful kissproof lipstick. Surely Sturges's superb brashness and sense of infinite possibilities came from his remarkable mother.

YET HE MAY have loved more the Chicago banker for whom he later named a son. His father gave Preston a sense of stability, practical advice, encouragement, and money. The young Sturges dabbled in business, trained as a pursuit pilot for a World War I he never fought in, was married and divorced, and could not "find himself." He seemed to assume he could do anything, yet often did nothing: a conventional job was not for him.

"Why Sturges turned to playwriting after his fateful [appendicitis] operation has often been a question for conjecture. . . . But it is a question which can never be answered," wrote James Ursini in his *The Fabulous Life and Times of Preston Sturges: An American Dreamer* (1973). But James Curtis does give answers, revealing Sturges's interest in H. L. Mencken on the American language, and in Brander Matthews's *A Study of the Drama*. Turning thirty, Sturges found the spur he needed in the taunts of a mistress: he wrote the third act of his comedy *The Guinea Pig* in one sitting. Not long after, *Strictly Dishonorable* was a hit on Broadway.

By 1932, Sturges was in Hollywood, doctoring movies and writing *The Power and the Glory*: he had taught himself to shape a shooting script. Why not? Both the subject and the "narratage" technique of this meditation on success anticipated *Citizen Kane*. Curtis also points out Sturges's interest in the story of C. W. Post, grandfather of his second wife.

By the time he was working on *If I Were King* (1938), Sturges was already thinking of becoming a director himself. He assumed he could direct: he'd seen it done. Determined to become "a prince of the blood and nothing less," Sturges cast his first film with elements of what would become a "stock company," like John Ford's: Jimmy Conlin, Frank Moran, William Demarest and, later, Eugene Pallette, Eric Blore, Franklin Pangborn, Edgar Kennedy, and other luminaries of *The Late Show*. *The Great McGinty* (1940) won Sturges an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay (he was nominated twice in 1944). Other writer/directors, such as John Huston, Billy Wilder, Clifford Odets, Nunnally Johnson, and Robert Rossen would follow.

Sturges's life became a three-ring circus as he entered his most productive period. Mustache and ascot in place, Sturges played the role of man of the world to the proverbial hilt. His restaurant, The Players (on Sunset Boulevard), was for a time *the* place in Hollywood. He dabbled with his own factory/laboratory, sailed his yacht, filled his house with gadgets, and turned out the films for which he is best remembered: *Christmas in July* (1940), *The Lady Eve* (1941), *Sullivan's Travels* and *The Palm Beach Story* (1942), *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* and *Hail the Conquering Hero* (1944). Who else but Sturges could have coaxed a good performance out of Veronica Lake ("Moronica Lake," Raymond Chandler called her) or made a star of Eddie Bracken? Obsessed with success, Sturges's satire of that American cult also took in the worlds of politics, advertising, romance, hero-worship, and Mom. His richly detailed comedies, which

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earned him the title "the Toscanini of the pratfall," depended on his sharp sense of pace as well as on the irresistible dialogue he tailor-made for his ideosyncratic actors. Sturges thought of dialogue as *l'esprit d'escalier*: "Dialogue consists of the bright things you would [like to have said], except you didn't think of them in time."

In a bid for perfect autonomy, Sturges committed perhaps his supreme act of hubris: he formed a partnership with Howard Hughes. A brilliant idea was botched when Sturges tried to revive the career of Harold Lloyd, in *Mad Wednesday* (1947). *Unfaithfully Yours* (1948) was damaged by coincidental publicity. *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* (1949) stank and finished Sturges in Hollywood. For the next decade Sturges floundered at writing and at directing on Broadway and in his own dinner-theater; he went into exile in Europe, a rootless cosmopolitan. The man who made millions wound up broke. His unsuccessful but intriguing *Les Carnets du Major Thompson* (*The French, They Are a Funny Race*) (1955) did not revive his career. The consolation of his last years was his fourth marriage and second and third sons. When Sturges died suddenly in New York, he was working and writing.

James Curtis's biography, well-endowed with information, illustrations, and theater and film chronologies, gives an imposing account of an imposing life. Curtis shows us the man who tangled with such as Hughes, Zanuck, Goldwyn, and Cohn, the man who assumed he could do anything and often could. Sturges stirs memories of Ben Franklin the universal tinkerer, of Twain's Connecticut Yankee, of Barnum and the Wright brothers, of Jay Gatsby and Monroe Stahr. His most revealing work now seems to be *Sullivan's Travels*, but his screenplays for *The Power and the Glory* and *Diamond Jim* are as expressive of a profoundly American ambivalence as are his better-known comedies. The world always runs short of the flamboyant energy exemplified by Preston Sturges at his peak. Such a man left, besides the body of his work, his widow and children, and the parabola of his career, his own epitaph:

Now I've laid me down to die
I pray my neighbors not to pry
Too deeply into sins that I
Not only cannot here deny
But much enjoyed as life flew by. □

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FILM

DE MORTUIS

JOHN SIMON

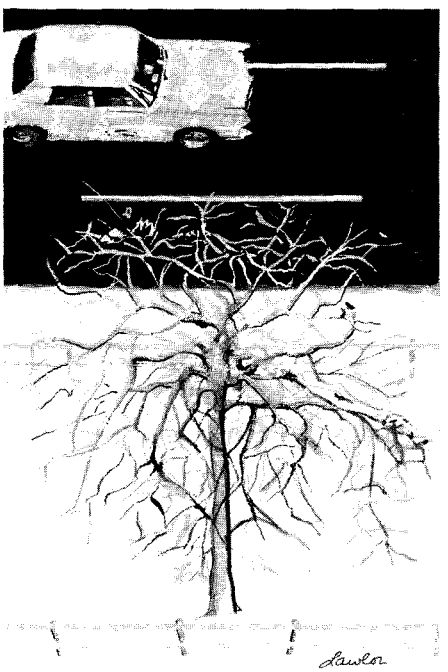
The twentieth New York Film Festival opened with *Veronika Voss*, the penultimate film of Rainer Werner Fassbinder, who died last May of an accidental overdose of drugs. (The last film, not yet shown here, was *Querelle*, based on Jean Genet's violently pederastic novel, *Querelle de Brest*.) Recently, too, we got Fassbinder's antepenultimate film, *Lola*, the second in the so-called trilogy of which *The Marriage of Maria Braun* was the first, and *Veronika Voss* the last installment. All three got mostly rave reviews, and *Maria Braun* was also a popular success in our bigger cities. When RWF died at the age of 36, the photographs in the world press showed the face of a man easily 25 years older than that (draw your own conclusions), and the obituaries, especially in Germany, carried on as if a genius of Goethe's magnitude had died.

Let me say it flat out: in a world of shamefully overblown reputations, Fassbinder's international celebrity strikes me as one of the most grotesque cases of overinflation. At least the frog in the fable who tried to inflate himself into an ox had two things to recommend him: he did his own blowing up, and he got his comeuppance by bursting. Fassbinder, though his death may be vaguely comparable to the frog's, was blown up into something bigger than an ox—a zeppelin, perhaps—by *other* people: primarily critics, film buffs of the more pretentious sort, and trendy enclaves everywhere. That is worse than auto-inflation, though, to be sure, Fassbinder's arrogance was monumental enough in its own right. I met him once briefly in New York, and was astounded by his rudeness, which he wore as consistently and defiantly as the obligatory black-leather uniform. I also observed him at some length (from a safe distance) at one Berlin Film Festival, where his behavior was only slightly better than at a gay bar, in which he brutally mauled a man with a bottle stump—and later mendaciously pleaded poverty to have his fine reduced.

Let me say it even more flatly: Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with that smug sneer that hardly ever left his face and shows up in his photographs, was one of the most loathsome beings I have ever had the fortune of encountering. I say "fortune" rather than "misfortune" because it is comforting to discover that a person is exactly what you imagined him to be from his works. It is, of course, nicer when that person and work are both fine, but consistency, even of the most repugnant sort, is a soothing spectacle to the critical perspective.

The first thing that permeates all of Fassbinder's films is a hatred of humanity, but a hatred that is no Swiftian *saeva indignatio* or Voltairean wit, but a nasty, smirking contempt. The second thing is sympathy, even admiration, for the outlandish, the abject (especially if it is also nasty), for corrupt and perverse creatures (if they are successful at it). When he seems to show affection for an underdog (often a figure identifiable with his adored mother, to whom, in the fashion of certain homosexuals, he was morbidly, ambivalently close), the underdog does not stand up under scrutiny: the elderly heroine of *Ali* (Birgitt Mira) finally humiliates her young lover, who pays her back in kind; Mother Küsters (in *Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven*, again played by Miss Mira) is finally revealed as a gullible goose, too foolish to deserve much pity.

Fassbinder turned out nigh on forty films or TV films in three lustrums of feverish activity, and for those who confuse quality with quantity, this is an



impressive achievement. I suppose it is impressive even if you don't commit that error, because there clearly is a demonic energy involved, and the films —with the exception of things like *Satan's Brew*, *Chinese Roulette*, or *The American Soldier*—do not show the total cinematic illiteracy of Andy Warhol and his school. But there is no new humanistic insight to be gleaned from them; there is no new beauty even in the sense of flowers of evil; and there is really no authentic, original technique. Also there is a certain measure of stupidity. I defy anyone, for example, to work out the symbolic analogy to the German postwar economic miracle in *Maria Braun*, which, by introducing the images of Adenauer and other political figures, Fassbinder expressly invited, and which his admirers automatically slavered over without ever bothering (or being able) to demonstrate.

THERE ARE essentially two kinds of Fassbinder movies. There are the stark ones, in which a poverty of expressive means (and sometimes also inadequate financing) creates a series of paroxysms surrounded by lacunae, which is taken for brilliant spareness. And there are the others, that overindulge in gaudiness, tawdry finery, meaningless titivation—in short, an archetypal camp sensibility—and that are taken to be devastatingly satiric commentaries on a bourgeois capitalist world. Looked at more closely, almost nothing in these films makes sense, is even remotely believable, or serves any sort of analytical or visionary purpose. But everything is an effect. Thus in *Maria Braun*, the far-off husband keeps sending his wife red roses, one every month. And so, at a given moment, we see a huge vase with a multitude of perfect red roses in it. This is to show how long the man has been away and how great his love still is. But the fact that only one monthly rose could, at any time, be in that state of full-blown opulence goes for naught—call it poetic license. Yet when entire films are made up, as these are, of poetic license, the license becomes licentiousness, the poetry prose.

Or consider *Lola*, in which throughout entire scenes characters will be bathed in baby blue or pink, or a combination of the two, for no visible reason. Sitting together in a car, one figure will be all roseate, the other all cerulean tones. Then, in midstream, the blue figure will become pink, and vice versa.

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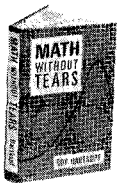

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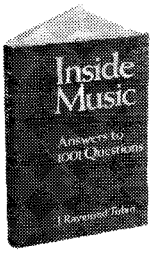

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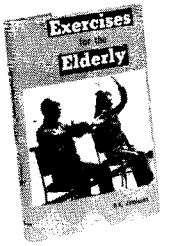

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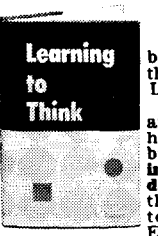

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No rhyme, no reason, only a camp sensibility that is, in all of its trashy excesses, hailed as genius. What is much worse, however, is that the behavior of these characters is arbitrary, perfunctorily slapped onto the screen, and geared to making them stupid, nasty, sadistic, masochistic, ridiculous without being funny or witty—all without a ripple of concern for verisimilitude. Which, of course, does not mean that RWF doesn't occasionally stumble onto something that rings true. To be able to exclude all truth from so many films, some adapted from respectable novels or plays, would require, after all, some sort of genius that Fassbinder lacks.

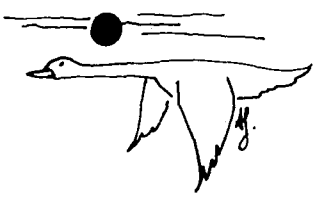
In *Veronika Voss*—loosely based on the life of a Sibylle Schmitz, a popular actress of the UFA and Nazi period who, as her youth and popularity declined, fell victim to a female Dr. Feelgood and her drugs—the entire film is shot in black and white, ostensibly to re-create the look of the old UFA films, even though the time is 1958. Furthermore, characters are seldom shot in an untricky way. There is almost always an odd angle, excessive distance, and a lot of gimcrack glitter framing the shot; or the shot may deliquesce around the edges. A meal, for example, will be shot in such a way that blurry cups and glasses in the foreground partially obliterate the faces at the table and enormously detract attention from the goings-on—which, to be sure, cannot bear much attention.

In my favorite camera setup, the manager of a jewelry boutique is seen, in a low-angle shot, through the glass mirrors and exhibits in a case behind which she stands, so that those various bracelets and gewgaws look like spirochetes shot through a microscope and crawling over the actress's face. This, of course, can be taken as satiric social commentary; it can also be viewed as a cluttered, *recherché*, and distasteful shot that makes the obvious more so. It gains some clinical interest, however, from the fact that the actress—or nonactress—accorded this vermiculate treatment is Fassbinder's mother.

There is, despite the basis in fact, not a single moment of probability, credibility, persuasiveness in this film. An old couple, for instance, survivors of the concentration camps, are apparently introduced to represent a pathetic note of beleaguered decency in the film. Yet they are made so weird and grandiloquent, portentous and mindless—they behave so idiotically and utter such twaddle—that there is no way of taking them seriously, no way of perceiving them as touching, let alone as tragic victims. And take the heroine herself, as portrayed by Rosel Zech: we see the neurosis, the sickness, the vertiginous deterioration, but nowhere do we see a remnant of that radiance that must also be hers to make her, not even sympathetic, merely believable. And the hero, played as a near-cretinous Cro-Magnon by Hilmar Thate, abandons a nice, pleasant-looking, caring (but, evidently, stupid) girlfriend to get involved with Veronika, who gives him nothing but grief from start to finish. Why? The fellow is supposed to be a journalist; but he comes across as somebody who couldn't put one sensible sentence onto paper.

But why would this girlfriend go to see the evil doctoress, under the guise of a patient, and cleverly succeed in fooling her only to step outside and run to the nearest phone booth in full sight of the doctoress's window to make a call to her lover? And, for that matter, would such a call from a highly neurotic woman necessarily be interpreted as betrayal when seen from a window above? And would it be reason enough for the doctoress to have the woman promptly run over by a car (assuming that this were even physically possible)? RWF simply does not care about even the least semblance of reality; under those circumstances, why should *we* trust *him*?

Still, much would be gained if at least the acting were good. But the way Fassbinder directed, the acting could not be good. The casts were recruited from all over, pell-mell, at the filmmaker's whim: there were amateurs, theatrical professionals with no sense of film acting, relatives, lovers—anybody who amused Fassbinder—and no rehearsal time; rehearsals, in any case, would have bored him. As Rosel Zech said, there was no allowance for more than two takes of any scene ever. And that, even under the best of circumstances, is not enough. Yet once a pseudo-artist has been enshrined, it is very hard to dislodge him. But let's try. □



The GIMLET EYE

THE LIE DETECTORS

D. KEITH MANO

The blood-pressure band has closed around my left arm, like a drunk with long, sad stories to tell. I feel an obstreperous pulse there and hurt. The polygraph examiner (a twenty-year cop who has just begun lie-detector training) will now cinch his black spiral elastic tube across my chest. It is fat-bellied, sensitive as moist night crawlers are. I exhale against the tube: breath, too, can snitch on you. Just behind, three styli scribble a Dow Jones of my moral metabolism, buy and sell, across graph paper. I can't see the cop: in that, lie detection might resemble couch analysis. Left hand and wrist are turning moussaka purple with too much enforced truth. I go over my private rap sheet. What can he get me on? Forgot to write Uncle Edward, uh, didn't take Nyquil only as directed, uh, put a rubber band around my cat's head once, uh. . . . But the cop is starting his mild interrogation.

"Are you a United States citizen?"

"Can I lie?"

"Let me balance you out first." That is: get my standard basal metabolism down when I'm telling the truth. "Are you an American citizen?"

"Yes."

"Do you reside in the state of New York?"

"Yes."

"Are you a resident of Nebraska?"

"Yes." Ha, the Big Lie.

"Are you a resident of the city of New York?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever run a stop sign?"

"No." Sprong. That stool pigeon, my body, has turned state's evidence. The Judas. Just where does it think it'll be while I'm doing time?

"Humph," says my interrogator. "Humph."

I'm lying at the New York School of Lie Detection. Bruce Brinker, director, has just looked over my fault line. He can see it—not exactly Pinocchio's nose, but noticeable nonetheless—the Stop Sign Glitch. "A polygraph won't make a mistake. It only records the physiological reactions, psychological

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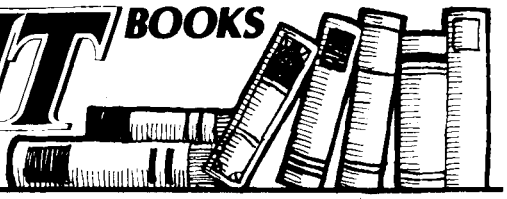
THE RIGHT BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN THE SUMMER of 1981 eighty-odd representatives of 26 countries convened at Leeds Castle in Kent, England, for the First Annual World Balance of Power Conference. Geoffrey Stewart-Smith, Director of the Foreign Affairs Research Institute, addressed the meeting:

> The unique character of this conference is its scale. It is global in its thinking or it is nothing. As you all know we are faced with a *global* Soviet challenge, so if our societies are to survive in freedom there must be a *global* response. In 1919, the Soviets through the Comintern effectively declared war on every non-Communist country in the world. So far the world's response has been either purely national or bilateral defense agreements or regional collective security pacts such as NATO, ANZUS, etc., but nothing global.
>
> We are gathered here for a few precious hours to think globally.

The papers delivered at the four-day meeting have now been published as *Global Collective Security in the 1980s* (Foreign Affairs Publishing Company, 139 Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey TW10A 7 AA, England, £9 or $18), edited by Mr. Stewart-Smith and with a foreword by Dr. J.M. Luns, Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Though badly edited and atrociously proofread, the book contains excellent essays by a variety of people, including Midge Decter, Richard Pipes, Douglas Hurd, and Lieutenant-General Daniel O. Graham.

Miss Decter leads off with a feisty, eloquent, and concise piece ("Expounding World Freedom") in which she warns of the "campaign of self-deception" currently underway in the West whereby Western politicians and their well-wishers in the media and academia (and elsewhere) insist that the Soviet Union is not fundamentally aggressive and therefore appeasable; that "between the Soviet Union and the United States there is anyway a kind of balance of social and political crime. . . . Between the so-called 'right' and the 'left' . . . what is there for decent, sensitive men to choose?"; and that "weakness is strength" ("In Western Europe, this idea is the hidden term beneath the swelling tide of neutralism"). She takes this final point as an opportunity to warn the Western European representatives of what she calls the growing Fortress America sentiment in the U.S.:

> It is important for Europeans . . . to understand that a growing number of Americans feel betrayed . . . politically by the attitude that what they have always taken to be a battle for the whole of the West . . . is viewed by their allies as one in which they, the allies, are less and less obligated to take part.

Richard Pipes's address, entitled "U.S.-Soviet Relations," is based on the proposition that "years of unremitting Communist propaganda have caused a frame of mind to establish itself in the West that is quite unconducive to the formulation and the combat of [sic] an effective policy toward the Soviet Union." By postulating propagandistically a myth of "two false alternatives"—join us in the vanguard of the future or be crushed by us, along with all the other has-beens of history—Moscow has pretty successfully managed to cast world events in a light favorable to itself and its lackeys. In truth, Pipes reminds us, the Soviet Empire is its own worst enemy, which weakens itself by expansion; international Communism, so far from being the wave of the future, is a relic of the nineteenth century that retains a semblance of vitality only through the means of tanks, bayonets, and atom bombs. It is vitally important, Pipes argues, that the Western populaces understand this fact: that they be disabused of myths that have prevailed since the cold war.

The necessity for fresh thought is stressed also by Lieutenant-General Daniel O. Graham in his piece, "Toward a New Nuclear Strategy," in which he states the dangers of attempting to revitalize our defenses simply by pouring more money into old, unreconsidered strategies. □

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reactions: it's like taking a cardiogram. The data that you're getting is only as good as the doctor who is going to interpret it." And Brinker, I catch on, doesn't think much of some polygraph examiners. New York State has no licensing requirement. (Brinker will insist on 252 hours of class work plus one year's internship.) But, for those less scrupulous, "There is nothing to stop you from going out, buying your lie detector, and opening up practice tomorrow."

A POLYGRAPH WILL register cardiovascular activity, skin resistance (I didn't try that), and breathing rate. Not perfect, but somewhat more accurate than hot coals or trial by combat. The basic modern polygraph was developed just before WW II. "We don't call people guilty or innocent. What we're giving is an opinion. Polygraph is admitted into courts of law just like the expert testimony of a psychiatrist. New York State must spend $1 million a year on it and the Federal Government 20 million. Yet, ironically, even when taxpayers want to use it to prove their innocence, it can't be admitted as evidence."

Still, this percolation test for the soul has become an amicus curiae. It saves calendar time and money. The DA, for instance, can eliminate a suspect through polygraph probing. Legal Aid uses lie detection to separate defensible from indefensible before trial: a client will often confess in mid-graph. "I've done lie examinations for judges. Even when someone has been found guilty, a judge may still be unsure before he gives sentence." But the prime market is private industry. More and more, your blood pressure, its intimate profile, will become a condition of employment. Mind now, you don't *have* to hook up arm and finger and chest: then again, they don't *have* to hire you. Questions about age or sex are protected by amendment, but the Constitution left out skin resistance and breath. Most polygraph business is undramatic personnel background work. Do you drink, steal, whiff wild basil? While we chat Brinker gets a call. Merchandise has been dematerializing itself at factory X. Four workers agree to be polygraphed—will Brinker handle it? "Without lie detection, the cost of doing business would go up a good per cent. The cost of theft is putting people out of business today."

Can you beat the machine? Well, maybe. About as often as you beat a scratch test or three-card monte on Eighth Avenue. Lie detector is accurate in about 90 per cent of plug-ins. Add the 5 or 6 per cent that turn out inconclusive "and you're seeing an error rate less than 3 per cent." Why then do guilty people agree to put their skin through this electronic shake-down? "Some feel they can beat it. But more do it through the embarrassment of society—you know, 'If the guy has nothing to hide, why shouldn't he take the test?' " And remember also: polygraphy doesn't assess guilt. "We'd all be in trouble if we tried to. Some subcultures of our society really don't have any remorse or guilt—it's the fact that they know they committed the act and it's going to be a threat to their well-being. I'm not asking you to feel guilt. Just tell me whether you did it or not."

WHEN I LIED about Nebraska there was no reaction. After all, what could happen, would they extradite me to Omaha? But that stop-sign affair, though brought out by a friendly cop, caused biorhythmic consternation. Fear, not guilt, lives in the heart and the lung and the flesh. Virtue is, too often, a sort of practiced trepidation. "Listen," Brinker told me, "we all lie. Polygraph isn't something you should have in the home—to find out if junior broke a window or if your husband really likes your new hat. If someone asks, 'How d'you feel?' you don't tell him the truth. If you had to go through the day telling the whole truth you'd never survive." He may be right. Nevertheless, I now know that I couldn't sucker a polygraph on any serious matter. And, by this much more, I am deterred. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

VOICES OF KENSINGTON: *Vanishing Mills, Vanishing Neighborhoods, by Jean Seder (Whitmore, 86 pp., $6.96).* Their lives can be see in their faces: tough, weathered, yet capable of enormous kindness. Jean Seder is eminently qualified to transcribe their lives on paper—the daughter of the textile-mill owner who has employed them for generations—she has lived, worked, laughed, and cried with these working-class people all her life. Mrs. Seder felt their stories needed to be preserved: (Kensington, the secton of Philadelphia in which they live, is undergoing tremendous change, due to time and technology, and these people are part of a way of life rapidly becoming extinct. Mrs. Seder allows her subjects to speak freely, without subjecting their remarks to ideological whitewashing. Yet the secret of the book's success lies in Nancy Hellebrand's photographs, which eloquently depict the people, their homes, and their lives. The value of *Voices of Kensington* extends beyond Philadelphia and its own history. It records a way of living that is losing ground in many industrialized parts of the nation. But it provides considerable hope: if such people represent the backbone of America, perhaps its future is not so dismal after all.

GERARD EINHAUS

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS, *by Isaiah Berlin (Viking, 219 pp., $13.95).* Kind words for men famous and obscure. Berlin delivered most of the pieces in this collection as eulogies. The remainder he wrote in the same vein, apparently with the idea that, living or dead, men should be given the benefit of the doubt. Not that there is reason to question the good things Berlin says: his subjects seem honorable one and all. Even the second Roosevelt, in the midst of squandering millions of other people's dollars, put on a creditable performance that can, if nothing else, be admired as first-rate theater. As Berlin writes, FDR was a "handsome, charming, gay, very intelligent, very delightful, very audacious man." But one yearns for more than Berlin gives on the likes of John Plamenatz (a professor of history at Oxford), Aubernon Herbert (a gentleman farmer at Somerset who had connections with Polish nationalists during the war), and Hubert Henderson (who was appointed warden of All Souls College and promptly died of a heart attack). Berlin's mellifluous style, fond as it is of adjectives, shies away from plain facts like birth dates, parentage, schooling, occupations, wives' names, and dates of death. Newcomers to his little-known Oxonians will have trouble getting their bearings. It is a thoroughly pleasant confusion, however. Berlin seems utterly incapable of bearing ill will toward anybody. While staunchly defending the Zionist Chaim Weizmann, he laments the fate of the Arabs in Palestine and expresses the hope—there is no doubt from the tone that he is sincere—that matters will improve. His capsule biographies full of superlatives painlessly bring to mind once again that this is a century without heroes. They say a lot by things they imply: that to be kind to certain politicians one must praise their looks; that the men who sinned least made careers in the safety of a university. Albert Einstein, whose theories crossed the campus boundary, turned out to be, in the eyes of some, the century's most spectacularly unwitting villain. Berlin says of him: "He was an innocent man, and sometimes,

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I should think, taken in by fools and knaves." A concluding piece on Russian writers underscores the tragedy of the naïve. Receiving a midnight phone call from Stalin and asked to vouch for the loyalty of the poet Mandelstam, Boris Pasternak replied that "he had always known that this would happen, that they must meet and speak about matters of supreme importance." "If I were Mandelstam's friend I should have known better how to defend him," said Stalin, and hung up. With Stalin, of course, the verdict was usually a foregone conclusion, but in this case, it seems the tyrant was right.

PAUL T. HORNAK

PSYCHIATRIST OF AMERICA: *The Life of Harry Stack Sullivan, by Helen Swick Perry (Belknap/Harvard, 462 pp., $20).* Helen Swick Perry, editor of psychiatrist Harry Stack Sullivan's six posthumously published books, has now written the first full-length biography of Sullivan, founder of the interpersonal school of psychiatry and a key figure in the "neo-Freudian" movement in America in the early Thirties. An acid-tongued, hard-drinking homosexual with expensive tastes, Sullivan—a pioneer in the therapeutic treatment of schizophrenia who was, by his own admission, a former schizophrenic himself—crusaded tirelessly in support of the unpopular notion that psychiatrists had much to learn from the social sciences. As a result, Sullivan's professional reputation in the field of psychiatry was more or less in eclipse long before his sudden death in 1949; Miss Perry's excellent book, however, is likely to awaken a new generation of therapists to the thinker whose theory of interpersonal relations moved beyond Freud by taking into account the psychological effects of life in a democratic society. Miss Perry (who is not a psychiatrist) has basically avoided any detailed exposition of Sullivan's theories, concentrating instead on the story of his tangled, erratic personal life, and *Psychiatrist of America* is particularly noteworthy for the author's painstakingly thorough job of digging up the long-buried facts about Sullivan's shanty-Irish upbringing in New York's Chenango County. Drawing on her editorial familiarity with Sullivan's lectures and essays, Miss Perry has carefully correlated hard biographical data with the countless veiled autobiographical allusions in Sullivan's work to produce a convincing portrait of a famous, successful man who did his lifelong best to cover up the lasting scars of a difficult, often humiliating childhood and adolescence. On the debit side, Miss Perry's clumsy, admiring prose is often irritatingly overblown; there is something ingenuous about her apparent inability to acknowledge the obvious fact of Sullivan's homosexuality; and, owing to her restrictively biographical approach, Miss Perry gives the reader no real idea of how Sullivan's work was —and is—viewed by those outside the interpersonal school. (A useful, if one-sided, corrective: Paul Robinson's review of *Psychiatrist of America* in the March *Psychology Today*, a concise and hostile essay that recapitulates the Freudian view of Sullivan's "interpersonal psychiatry.") Nevertheless, this biography remains a major contribution to the history of post-Freudian psychiatry in the United States and an indispensable tool for the reader interested in learning more about the complex, tortured personality of Harry Stack Sullivan. A footnote: A good introduction to Sullivan's thought is his transcribed lecture series *The Psychiatric Interview*, which is readily accessible to the informed layman.

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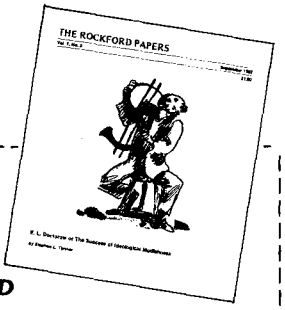

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Connecticut's Awful Problem

On The Right

Stamford, Conn., Oct. 12—Conservative Republicans face a problem in Connecticut, at once personal and ideological. Connecticut's Lowell Weicker presents problems that are quite special. To begin with, if a blind profile of his votes were taken (he has voted on the other side from the Republicans 60 per cent of the time), he would be characterized as a liberal Democrat. And the second problem is, well, personal. He is in love. An all-consuming, passionate, undiscriminating, endless, eternal love. With himself.

There is an interesting theological insight about self-love in the preachment that one should love one's neighbor as oneself. If you love yourself not at all, then what good does it do that you love your neighbor as yourself? But in the case of Weicker, it is the consensus of people who watch him that it would be absolutely impossible for him to love his neighbor as himself, because there simply isn't love enough left over.

Weicker is the incumbent, and the incumbent has the obvious advantages: so, people like Gerald Ford, and Howard Baker, come into the state and speak out for Lowell Weicker. I once proposed to clean up politics by inventing a truth-test device that would, by law, focus on every politician every time he appears on television to profess a conviction. If he didn't really mean it, he would turn green on the screen. There'd have been a lot of green Republicans on the screen in previous weeks, as they troop up here to urge the voters to return Lowell Weicker. To represent the voters? To represent the country? No. To vote to organize the Senate under Republican auspices.

THERE HAS seldom been a more outstanding example of unrequited loyalty. It isn't as though Lowell Weicker returns these favors. In the last election, two years ago, he flatly refused to come out in favor of the vice presidential candidate, George Bush, a Connecticut Republican incidentally. And he flatly refused to come out for senatorial candidate James L. Buckley, a Connecticut Republican, incidentally. Why? Because they are not as luminous in spirit as Lowell Weicker. But then who is? The President of Weicker's party?

Hardly. A month ago Lowell Weicker was asked the question very specifically. Would he come out for Ronald Reagan if the party renominated Reagan in 1984? He would, he said, be laboring to give the party a more moderate choice.

Well, what if Reagan were in fact nominated, would Weicker then campaign for him? Not necessarily, said the Republican all Connecticut Republicans are being asked to vote for. That would depend on whom the Democrats put up.

Well, all this has proved too much for many Connecticut Republicans. They were deeply disappointed when Prescott Bush declined to contend in the primary against Weicker, which Bush was entitled to do having got 35 per cent of the delegates' votes in the convention. So they set out to get another candidate.

They came up with Mr. Lucien DiFazio, a lawyer who was once nominated for Congress, but lost to the late William Cotter, and lost races three or four times since. The contempt shown for DiFazio and his backers by Weicker is the kind of contempt one would expect the prince to show for the pauper. People who will vote for DiFazio (for instance, this citizen) are, Weicker said, "a very frustrated, very angry, bunch of right-wing nuts." Yup. And we, with the help of the majority of the American people, elected someone whose views are exactly our own as President of the United States. "I have no qualms," Cicero continued, "if they field a candidate. The whole state can kick them out. They have no home in my party." *His* party! Which nominated Bush and Reagan, whom Weicker has respectively opposed, and promised to oppose.

Well, DiFazio won't win in Connecticut. But there are a very frustrated, very angry, bunch of right-wing nuts who will do their level best to persuade Connecticut Republicans that we shouldn't concern ourselves merely over clean air and clean water in Connecticut, but in clean other things. The rumor is being carefully cultivated that Connecticut Republicans and Weicker are—here is how the *Hartford Courant* put it, quoting a Weicker aide, "even beginning to like each other." Believe anything you want about Connecticut Republicans, hold us responsible for the Johnstown Flood, Hurricane Ada, and Hiroshima. But don't, please, think that of us. We're really nice people. □

NEW YORK, NEW YORK! *New York*, Oct. 1—The upset in the New York primary concentrates the mind on several things.

For many years, it was popularly supposed that the Jewish vote, although only one-half the Protestant vote, and one-third the Catholic vote, dominated New York politics. This for two reasons, the first that Jewish voters tend to treat primaries like holy days—thus giving non-Jewish voters a good civics lesson in primary voting. The second being that Jewish voters have banded together in order to vote, as a rule, for the liberal candidate. Of whatever party. It is almost impossible to remember New York without Senator Herbert Lehman or Senator Jacob Javits, respectively liberal members of the Democratic and Republican parties. And then, in New York, there is the *New York Times*, lord of all it surveys. Its influence has been huge, not only in respect of whom it endorses: there are actually people around who are guided by the editorial policy of the *New York Times*, which is a major reason why we live in a tormented world. But an endorsement by the *New York Times* flushes out money, and money is important, though by no means decisive in politics.

Well, this time around, the *New York Times* came out for Edward Koch for Democratic candidate for governor, and Paul Curran for Republican candidate, whereupon the voters registered their preference for Mario Cuomo for Democratic candidate, and Lewis Lehrman for Republican candidate.

Now: since 1970, there have been six statewide races in New York. Mr. Robert Abrams, who is Jewish, defeated a weak Jewish opponent. But the other races were won, respectively, by James Buckley, Hugh Carey, Patrick Moynihan, Edward Regan, and Alfonse D'Amato. That would suggest a strong Irish-Italian-Catholic vote in a state which, as already recorded, has for years been identified with Jewish liberalism.

But look, because the plot thickens. Mario Cuomo, the Italian-Catholic, is the leftwardmost of the candidates, this time around. Ed Koch is considered a Democratic moderate. Cuomo is a fine human being who, however, appears to have forgotten what it is that is important in New

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York these days (and in most other states of the Union)—namely, crime and unemployment. Mario Cuomo's obdurate opposition to the death penalty serves as a symbol of, well, more of the same. It is not necessary to develop the Ayatollah's appetite for the death penalty in order to strike out convincingly against crime. But voters tend, almost necessarily, to accept signals. And Cuomo's refusal to side with the overwhelming majority of New Yorkers who believe in the death sentence for certain kinds of crime distances him from what those voters desire, namely a tough anti-crime program. Gordon Black, the Gannett pollster who took all the honors by calling the shots in the primary, sees 40 per cent of the voters believing that Lewis Lehrman would do something convincing about crime; only 26 per cent believing that Cuomo would do something.

And there is the question of economic growth, with which Lehrman, a conservative, is so prominently identified. Here almost half again as many voters believe that Lehrman, rather than Cuomo, would do something to invigorate New York's jaded economy.

The figures, in other words, are there. They add up to the citizens of New York desiring a candidate whose specifications are those of Lewis Lehrman.

But what about the ethnic business? Will the Italians and the Irish, believing as strongly as they do on the two issues, vote for the candidate whose views they share, even though he's Jewish? Or will they vote for Mario Cuomo because he is an Italian-Catholic? Mario Cuomo, the candidate of Bella Abzug and the *Village Voice*—swept into power by the same people who most recently voted for Al D'Amato? I suppose stranger things have happened, but not much stranger things.

THE POINT about Lehrman, who survived triumphantly a nasty campaign by Paul Curran, is that he is a very unusual man. It is said about him that he is inexperienced. Another way of looking at it is that during the thirty years since graduating from college, he devoted himself not to public office, but to developing a business in which he was brilliantly successful, permitting him to accumulate millions of dollars which now he puts into his campaign. And—reading, and thinking. His Institute, which has welcomed the views of men of all political colors, is renowned for its seriousness. And Lehrman's personal integrity, and personal magnetism, have touched a growing number of men and women whose tribe will, by November, increase to the point of constituting a majority of the voters of New York. Provided that enough voters show enough maturity to vote on the issues.

The voters of New York have just finished a considerable show of independence. I mean, voting against Ed Koch. One had the impression that to do such a thing was, well, unconstitutional. Koch had the backing of roughly everybody—including all the papers. But New Yorkers, who voted for him overwhelmingly as mayor, clearly wanted him to stay in New York City. And New York upstaters also wanted him to stay in New York City. That, in a sense, is a tribute to Mayor Koch. And now we need the voters to go one more time with their show of independence. □

THE NCC's BISHOP

New York, Oct. 15—The National Council of Churches was founded in 1950 to engage in and coordinate national charitable enterprises, and it has done this. But it has caught the attention of much of the public not by its acts of corporal charity, but by its bizarre political tendencies. This is not, after all, surprising. A doctor who—let us say—is caught feeding a little poison into the veins of a terminally sick patient intending euthanasia, would become notorious for that act, not for the thousands he had kept from dying. The problem with the NCC is nicely sketched by the gentleman it elected president last year, who is off on a real ideological bender. And James Armstrong, United Methodist Bishop of Indiana, is so very pleasant about it all, as good Christians should be. What he doesn't really understand, or seems not to, is that he is giving Christianity a bad name.

For instance: You ask the bishop what it is the Christian should be concerned to do for his fellow man, and he will tell you that the Christian should care that his fellow man should be protected. Protected from what? Well, protected from hunger, from exposure, from oppression. So you say: Well, Bishop, isn't the oppression behind the Iron Curtain something that Christians should worry about? Well, yes, the bishop says: but we don't want war. Right. We don't want war. In fact, you say, there may be nothing very much that we can do about the people in the Soviet Union who live in Gulag. But what we can do is prevent Gulag from expanding out, say, over West Germany and Europe.

But the bishop, who concedes that he has no professional training in military matters, tells you that we already have all the arms we need to prevent Gulag from slurping over the border of East Germany. And anyway, isn't it true that throughout this century, you've seen generals and admirals who are wrong about things?

And you say, yes, that's true. But as often as not, generals have *underestimated* the strength of the enemy, as they have overestimated it. And—by the way, Bishop, are you a pacifist?

No, certainly not, he says.

Then you say: "Bishop, just last May, you delivered a speech in which you said the following: 'The arms budget being thrust down the throats of the American people does vastly more than provide for our national defense. It is a war-making budget, a budget designed to feed the furnaces of war across the face of Planet Earth. Defense indeed!' " The exclamation point is in the original. It is odd how very militantly gentle preachers will sometimes sound, when they address a large multitude.

Well, the bishop says, that's true, isn't it? Isn't it true we have vastly more arms than we need?

You reply, rather gently, that it is difficult to take these measurements carefully. For instance, we have here the whole Kennedy October 1962 crisis team that just came out with the statement that only our overwhelming tactical superiority during the Cuban crisis served to avoid war. We have *no* tactical superiority in Western Europe. And certainly we aren't in a position to say that the Afghanis are overarmed? Besides, if those weapons were manifestly redundant, why does the Soviet Union insist on them? And anyway, if the Christian mandate is to protect, among other things, against aggression, isn't it prudent to take no chances, since an oversupply of arms is better than an oversupply of corpses, or concentration camps?

BISHOP ARMSTRONG—at one point, a little carried away, you began to refer to him as General Armstrong, in deference to his apparent proficiency in the martial arts—then said that our emphases are misplaced. What about racial bigotry at home? "At a time when the rich seem to be turning away from the poor, when the powerful seem to be tightening the screws at the expense of the powerless, when greed is being sacrilized [sic] by policies reformed and laws rewritten . . ." Those were the words used by Bishop Armstrong, head of the National Council of Churches, back in May, to describe a program passed by Congress aimed at reducing inflation, and encouraging enterprise, without which there is no surplus that can be distributed among the needy, the old, and the crippled.

In the end, you and the bishop agree to pray for relief for the oppressed, and you really mean it, and of course the bishop really means it. But you remember, at the same time, the story you heard as a child about a little boy who transformed the little mud plot in front of the house into a beautiful garden and the minister came one day and said, "That's a beautiful garden you and God created," and the boy said, "You should have seen it when just God was taking care of it." □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

A. Associates of "drawers of water"
16 28 56 70 252 258 264 10 14 46

B. What Paul wrote to the Hebrews
49 117
53 182 143 30 128 2 192

C. To sail nearer the wind
124 257 265 231

D. To be
132 274 31 120 190

E. A town on the Severn in Wales
144 174 136 41 238 185 175

F. The county seat of Randolph County, W. Va.
155 63 208 187 170 4

G. Speed
27 8 183 215 94 145 172 64

H. Pseudonym of William Taylor Adams
55 78 253 260 100

I. Dedicated men mentioned in I Chr., Ezra, and Neh.
7 23 32 54 61 116 119 142

J. BOWDOWN (anag.)
35 95 213 200 228 66 221

K. Hellenic subversives
115 227 106 3 65 239 25 51 86 113

L. A lie that to some people is a truth
152 165 111 248 38 104
67 204 232 129

M. Children
77 222 97 68 219 240 146

N. Favorite law of criminals, next to insanity pleas
90 5 34 48 79 102 127 130 198 218
226 87 105 110 140 153 169 194 278
20

O. World Series time in Cleveland?
37 126 141 160 167 177 197 223 235 52
58 82

P. Where do these words appear?: "I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of Heaven." (Douay Version)
161 6 73 139 195 205 256 263 39

Q. It took two Smiths to make one!
214 236 270 189 173 9 42 11 81

R. A period of decline
229 193 237 147 242 225 209

S. This kind of driving causes wrecks
12 148 121 269 98 234 131 163

T. A Confederate general
74 133 268 202 272

U. To whip
85 43 207 91

V. The Mikado's predecessor
114 17 247 134 125 233 150 44 83

W. A member of Congress during the New Deal era
138 18 84 156 166 29 40 72 76 96
123

X. A capital place
179 168 50 184 154 212 216 246 261 1
112 33

Y. One of Jacob's sons
188 158 259 267 57 277 69 45

Z. Across the vessel
201 13 22 88 101 149 159 181 191 199
217 241

a. To compare
224 176 275 244 47

b. We should bring the first fruits of our ____. —Neh. 10:37
243 92 273 162 254

c. To unite once more
59 251 93 255 203 178

d. What the dodo is
103 220 186 230 151 75 266

e. Equally adept with either hand
108 36 62 99 118 137 71 21 19 15
24 80

f. Shone
171 276 135 107 262 210

g. Maladroit
206 245 271 180 89 60 250

h. Yiddish for a drab, awkward, and shy person
249 157 164 196 26 109 211

1 X	2 B	3 K	4 F	5 N	6 P	7 I	8 G	9 Q	10 A	11 Q	12 S	13 Z	14 A	15 e	16 A	17 V	18 W	19 e	20 N
21 e	22 Z	23 I	24 e	25 K	26 h	27 G	28 A	29 W	30 B	31 D	32 I	33 X	34 N	35 J	36 e	37 O	38 K	39 P	40 W
41 E	42 Q	43 U	44 V	45 Y	46 A	47 a	48 N	49 A	50 X	51 K	52 O	53 B	54 I	55 H	56 A	57 Y	58 O	59 c	60 R
61 I	62 e	63 F	64 G	65 K	66 J	67 L	68 M	69 Y	70 A	71 e	72 W	73 P	74 I	75 d	76 W	77 M	78 H	79 N	80 e
81 Q	82 O	83 V	84 W	85 U	86 K	87 N	88 Z	89 g	90 N	91 U	92 b	93 c	94 C	95 J	96 W	97 M	98 S	99 e	100H
101Z	102N	103d	104K	105N	106K	107f	108e	109h	110N	111K	112X	113K	114V	115K	116I	117A	118e	119I	120D
121S	122h	123W	124C	125V	126O	127N	128B	129L	130N	131S	132D	133T	134V	135f	136E	137e	138W	139F	140N
141O	142I	143B	144E	145G	146M	147R	148S	149Z	150V	151d	152K	153N	154X	155F	156W	157h	158Y	159Z	160O
161F	162b	163S	164h	165K	166W	167O	168X	169N	170F	171f	172G	173Q	174E	175E	176a	177O	178c	179X	180g
181Z	182B	183G	184X	185E	186d	187F	188Y	189Q	190D	191Z	192B	193R	194N	195P	196h	197O	198N	199Z	200J
201Z	202T	203c	204L	205P	206g	207U	208F	209R	210f	211h	212X	213J	214Q	215G	216X	217Z	218N	219M	220d
221J	222M	223O	224a	225R	226N	227K	228J	229R	230d	231G	232L	233V	234S	235O	236Q	237R	238E	239K	240M
241Z	242R	243b	244a	245g	246X	247V	248K	249h	250g	251c	252A	253H	254b	255c	256P	257C	258A	259Y	260H
261X	262f	263P	264A	265C	266d	267Y	268T	269S	270Q	271g	272T	273b	274D	275a	276f	277Y	278N		

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black rules indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitons on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1366 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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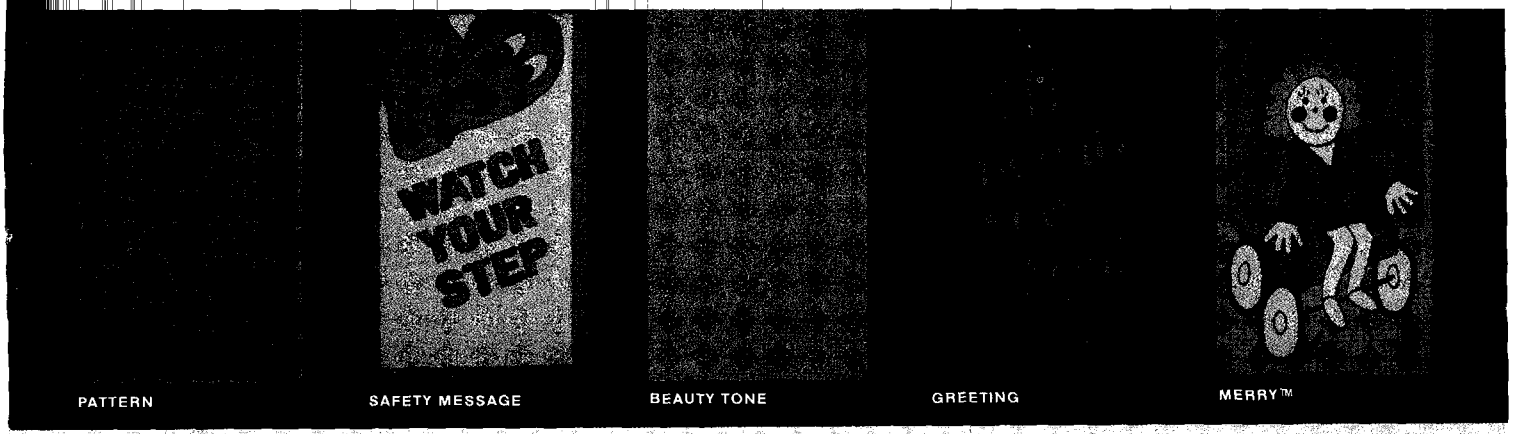

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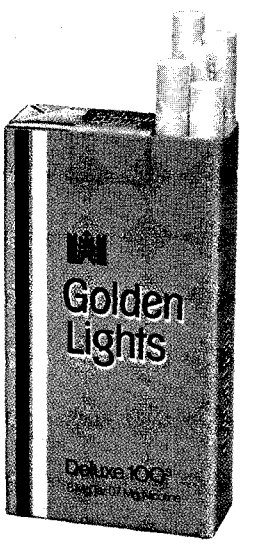

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